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VON

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II \_\_\_\_\_

ELFTER BAND

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LOUVAIN

**A. UYSTPRUYST**

LEIPZIG

**O. HARRASSOWITZ**

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LONDON

**DAVID NUTT**

1905

# BEN JONSON'S SAD SHEPHERD

WITH

WALDRON'S CONTINUATION

EDITED BY

W. W. GREG

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LOUVAIN

A. UYSTPRUYST

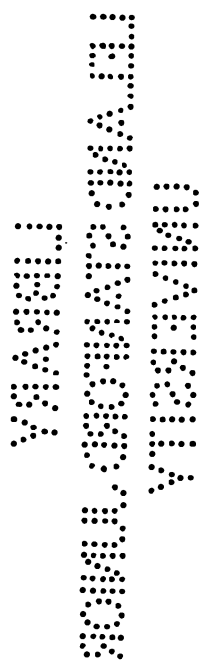
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## INTRODUCTION.

The *Sad Shepherd* is not one of the great works upon which Jonson's Titanic reputation rests. It is, as a rule, little mentioned by critics, for it stands at a disadvantage in two important respects. In the first place, it is of little use for the purpose of illustrating those peculiar qualities, in virtue of which its author holds a position of his own in the motley company of Elizabethan playwrights. In the second, it has come down to us in a fragmentary state. As a consequence it probably finds few readers beyond professed students of Jonson, or such individual eccentrics as the present editor, who happen to take an interest in pastoral poetry as such. If, however, it bears little trace of the robust genius that portrayed the Alchemist and the Fox, it yet remains the most considerable achievement of that other Jonson, the delicacy of whose lyric utterance contrasts so strangely with the burly presence of the laureate. Mr Swinburne has very truly remarked that « No work of Ben Jonson's is more amusing and agreeable to read, as none is more nobly graceful in expression or more excellent in simplicity of style ».

EDITIONS. After Jonson's death on August 6, 1637, his works were collected and printed in two small folio volumes with the date 1640. The first of these was a reprint of the original folio of 1616, the second was composed of new matter. We find an entry in the Stationers' Register referring to this venture on March 20, 1639/40.

Master Crooke and Richard: Seirger	Entred for their Copie vnder the hands of doctor wykes and master ffetherston warden four Mas- ques viz <sup>t</sup> . . . . . vj <sup>d</sup> The Masque of Augures. Tyme vindicated Neptunes triumphes. and Panns Anniuersary or the sheapards holy day. with sundry Elegies and other Poems by Benia- min: Johnson      [Arber, IV. 503.]
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The *Sad Shepherd* is not mentioned. In spite of the date 1640,

which appears on the general titlepage to the second volume, some of the separate pieces are dated as early as 1631 and bear the name of a different stationer, while others again are dated as late as 1641. Among these last is the *Sad Shepherd*, as may be seen from the facsimile of the separate titlepage given in the present edition. The play occupies quires R-V of the set of signatures beginning with the *Magnetic Lady*, each quire consisting of two sheets or four leaves. The play is paged from R2 onwards 117-155, but by an error of the press the numbering jumps from 122 to 133. The numbers 143 and 146 are also repeated in the outer form of the inner sheet of quire V in place of 151 and 154. The verso of the titlepage, R1, and of the last leaf, V4, are blank, as in the reprint.

The play was included in the folio of 1692, where it occupies pages 533-544, signatures 3Y3-3Z4. This was, however, a mere reprint of the earlier edition, with the correction of a certain number of misprints, and it has not been thought necessary as a rule to take any notice of its readings.

The only separate edition of the play which has appeared hitherto is that printed without editor's name in 1783. It contained the text from Whalley's edition of 1756 as well as some of his notes, together with further notes and a continuation of the fragment by F. G. Waldron. Concerning this last, which I have reprinted in an appendix, I shall have something to say later on: we are here concerned only with the editorial portion of the work. Waldron's remarks are often judicious, and a careful collation of the original folio enabled him to restore the text in a number of places. The British Museum contains two copies of this edition which possess particular interest. One of these (C. 45. c. 4) is Waldron's own interleaved copy in which he collected a variety of further notes on the subject of the play. The majority of these are copied from Gifford's edition, which appeared in 1816, two years before Waldron's death, but others are his own. The other copy (643. g. 15) is a presentation copy to George Steevens, corrected throughout by the editor. At the Steevens sale in 1800 the volume was bought by C. Burney, who is credited in the British Museum catalogue with a number of additional notes.

The only other edition which need be mentioned is the reprint made in 1875 of Gifford's edition, with supplementary notes by F. Cunningham. This has now been the standard edition of Jonson's works for more than a quarter of a century, and must remain so until the appearance of the edition by Professor Herford, announced by the Clarendon Press.

From what has been said above, it will be evident that so far as the text is concerned the editions of 1692 and 1783 may be disregarded. Gifford's text is an improvement on Whalley's, and is the only one that can at present claim to supersede the original folio. From a critical point of view, however, it is far from satisfactory. In the first place, it is disfigured by several wholly uncalled-for changes, some of which are, indeed, so obviously wrong as hardly to be explained otherwise than as printers' errors. Moreover, Gifford had an unfortunate weakness not merely for modernising the spelling of the text he was editing, but likewise, as he thought, improving the author's language. Thus he habitually normalises the use of *ye* and *you*, prints *have* for *ha'*, and takes many other liberties, which end by completely altering the style of the work. It is perhaps curious that with his immense, and one is almost tempted to think exaggerated, esteem of Jonson, he should not have approached his text in a more reverent spirit, but it must not be forgotten that, however great a poet might be, Gifford never for a moment doubted that the editor of the *Quarterly* was justified in adopting the attitude of a schoolmaster towards him. For the student, therefore, there exists at present one, and only one, text of the *Sad Shepherd* worth considering, that namely of the original edition of 1640. This, however, need be no subject for complaint. That the printing of the volume of 1640 cannot compare with that of 1616 is perfectly true : alike from a critical and from a typographical point of view, it is an altogether inferior concern. It is, however, a long step from admitting this to admitting that it in any way deserves the abuse which Gifford saw fit to heap upon it. That the text of the *Sad Shepherd* was printed direct from Jonson's own manuscript, will be apparent to anyone who has the smallest acquaintance with that rather pedantic scholar's scribal peculiarities. Nor is there any reason to suppose that, in the main, it rendered its copy otherwise than correctly. There are some two dozen obvious misprints, which any reasonably intelligent reader can correct, and perhaps half a dozen passages in which the punctuation may be considered unfortunate or clumsy, but which are hardly likely to offer much difficulty. When these imperfections have been removed, the original text certainly appears to me in every way preferable to any which subsequent editors have yet succeeded in evolving.

Although the merits of a text must necessarily be decided upon internal considerations, it would, of course, be of interest to know who was responsible for the publication of Jonson's posthumous works.

« Into whose hands, » wrote Gifford, « his papers fell, as he left, apparently, no will, nor testamentary document of any kind, cannot now be told ; perhaps, into those of the woman who resided with him, as his nurse, or some of her kin ; but they were evidently careless or ignorant, and put his manuscripts together in a very disorderly manner, losing some, and misplacing others. » The malicious fatuity of these remarks is obvious. It was clearly impossible for Gifford to know whether any papers were lost by the executors, particularly since we know that many perished in a fire some years before Jonson's death. Nor is there much evidence of disorder and misplacement. It is true that there are some portions of *Eupheme* wanting, but this fact is carefully recorded by the editor in a note, and may be due perfectly well to loss in Jonson's lifetime. The volume, indeed, is rather carelessly printed, and, having been made up in various sections, presents some curious bibliographical problems, but this was a matter obviously independent of Jonson's literary executors. These somehow or other, and rather in spite of, than by aid of, the printer, managed to produce an edition which, so far as the text is concerned, Gifford himself did little else than spoil.

It so happens, however, that we are not altogether without notice of the person who had charge of the papers collected into the second volume of 1640. In 1659 the publisher Humphrey Moseley issued, by way of supplement to the 1658 edition of Suckling's *Fragmenta Aurea*, a volume entitled the *Last Remains of Sir John Suckling*. This volume contained, along with other matter, an unfinished tragedy called the *Sad One*. Moseley evidently thought that the inclusion of this fragment might require explanation, and, in an address to the reader, he defended his action as follows : — « Nor are we without a sufficient President in Works of this nature, and relating to an Author who confessedly is reputed the Glory of the English Stage (whereby you'll know I mean Ben: Iohnson) and in a Play also of somewhat a resembling name, *The Sad Shepherd*, extant in his Third Volume ; which though it wants two entire Acts, was nevertheless judg'd a Piece of too much worth to be laid aside, by the Learned and Honorable Sir Kenelme Digby, who published that Volume ». This is pretty good evidence as to the person who filled the post of what we should call editor, what at the end of the sixteenth century was called « overseer of the print », and in Moseley's time « publisher ». How much Digby's editorship meant, and how he came to occupy the position, must for the present remain matters of conjecture. He may have

received commission from Jonson himself before his death ; he may, hearing that the poet had left papers behind him, have interested himself in the matter or procured their publication ; he may, lastly, have been employed by the stationer, R. Meighen, to arrange for press such papers as had come into his hands. Perhaps the second is, on the whole, the most likely of these possibilities. Sir Kenelm, who was a well-known littérateur, as well as a sailor and diplomatist, had of course been acquainted with Jonson, and it will be remembered that one of the most important poems in the collection of *Underwoods*, first published in the 1640 volume, was the elaborate though fragmentary *Eupheme*, composed in memory of his wife, the Lady Venetia Digby.

DATE OF COMPOSITION. A good deal of controversy has centred round the question of the date at which Jonson wrote the *Sad Shepherd*. Very different views have been held, and these have been supported by a great variety of arguments. To arrive at absolute certainty upon the subject is probably, in the present state of our knowledge, impossible ; all the critic can hope to do is to sum up and analyse the available evidence and to indicate upon which side, in his opinion, the weight of that evidence inclines. To attempt to prove a dogmatic position can only lead to disaster.

A preliminary question must first be discussed. Was the play ever finished or not ? There is certainly no record of its ever having been acted during the author's life, nor is there much evidence that it ever circulated in manuscript. For my own part, I cannot help feeling that, had it reached completion, we should have found traces of its influence on other pastorals of the time, whereas, with one doubtful exception to be mentioned presently, I am not aware of a single reminiscence or allusion in any of the numerous works of the kind which appeared about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The idea which most readily suggests itself is that the play was a late work left unfinished at its author's death. It may be worth pointing out that this view, though it is the one to which I personally incline, receives no particular sanction from the original edition. The 1640 folio included another fragmentary play, namely *Mortimer*, at the end of which we find a note which runs, in some copies : « Hee dy'd, and left it unfinished », in others merely : « Left unfinished ». Whether this is true or not, a point into which we cannot now inquire, a comparison with similar notes occurring in other parts of the volume

makes it reasonably certain that the statement must have been due to the « publisher », Sir Kenelm Digby. The fact therefore that at the end of the *Sad Shepherd* we find the words « The End », as though the piece were finished, suggests that at all events the editor was not himself definitely aware that the composition of the play had been interrupted by the death of the author. This, however, does not lead us very far.

The chief evidence that can be adduced in favour of completion is the prologue, which was obviously intended for the stage, and has every appearance of being composed for a finished play, more of the same kind being promised if the present piece should be favourably received. There are, however, reasons to suppose that this very prologue may contain the work of different periods ; while it is by no means impossible to imagine Jonson writing it at a moment when he felt moved to do so, quite irrespective of whether or not he had actually completed the work itself. Another point which has been adduced as evidence of the play having been finished, is the mention in the list of personae of « The Reconciler. Ruben, A devout Hermit », though he nowhere appears in the extant portion of the text. Similarly, we find certain localities mentioned in the synopsis of scenery, of which nothing more is heard. In both cases, however, it is obvious that the details of persons and scenes may perfectly well have found their way into the printed text from Jonson's original sketch, a view borne out, as we shall presently see, by the nature of the extant « Arguments ».

Mr Fleay, dealing with the work in his *Biographical Chronicle*, doubts whether it reached completion. « Had the whole been written, » he remarks, « I should have expected to find the plot of all five acts prefixed to the fragment. » This, however, proves nothing except that the writer was content to rely on Gifford's text, instead of consulting the original folio edition. The three arguments, which that editor collected together at the beginning, are in the folio prefixed to their respective acts, so that, had the latter half of the manuscript perished, two arguments must have perished with it. Indeed, the argument to the third act is complete, while about half the act itself is wanting. But these so-called « Arguments », written as they are in an exceedingly careless style, were certainly not intended by the author for publication, but, no doubt, represent his rough sketches for the play. This is clear from the fact that the text does not always agree with them. For instance, in the argument to Act III we read : « The Shep-

herds content with this discovery... make the relation to Marian. Amie is gladdened with the sight of Karol, &c. », none of which appears in the text, although it is continued beyond this point, the subsequent entrance of Lorel being the last stage direction in the fragment. Moreover, a little earlier the argument represents Maudlin as calling her daughter to her assistance, whereas in the text it is her familiar, Puck Hairy, that she summons.

It is tempting to suppose, if we imagine the play to have been completed, that the rest of the manuscript may have perished in the fire which played havoc with Jonson's study in 1623. Gifford, however, long ago pointed out that the prologue as it stands must belong to a much later date than this, and that we consequently cannot regard the play merely as an early work, part of which has perished. Had the « publisher » or printer of the folio had theories concerning the date, he might, of course, have altered the allusions, but we have seen above that there is no reason to suppose that he had any views on the subject. We are therefore forced to suppose that the play received attention from the author quite at the close of his life : if it was then perfect, its mutilated form cannot be due to the fire ; if it was imperfect, then there is no reason to suppose that any more had ever existed. Mr Fleay has sought to show that a portion of one play only perished in the fire, and this he supposes to have been the rest of the third act of the *Sad Shepherd*. The passage, however, to which he refers in the *Execration upon Vulcan*, does not in the least bear out this view. Jonson puts into Vulcan's mouth the defence (1640, p. 210) :

But, thou'lt say,  
There were some pieces of as base allay,  
And as false stampe there ; parcels of a Play,  
Fitter to see the fire-light, then the day ;  
Adulterate moneys, such as might not goe :  
Thou should'st have stay'd, till publike fame said so.

It is quite clear that no argument whatever as to the extent of the loss can be founded on these lines. All we can legitimately infer is that, at the time of the fire, there were, among Jonson's papers, portions of a play, the public reception of which he considered doubtful.

There remains one piece of evidence which, so far as it goes, is clear and unambiguous enough. In « An Eclogue on the Death of Ben Jonson » signed « Falkland » (i. e. Lucius Carey, second Viscount Falkland, who fell at Newbury in 1643), printed in the collection of



## VIII

elegies entitled *Jonsonus Virbius*, which appeared in 1638, occur the lines (1875, vol. ix, p. 430) :

Not long before his death, our woods he meant  
To visit, and descend from Thames to Trent.

This implies that at the time of writing, namely some two or three years before the posthumous appearance of the fragment, Jonson was known to have projected, but not known to have completed, a poem such as we have in the *Sad Shepherd*. Gifford, arguing from the existence of the prologue that the play must have been finished, endeavoured, indeed, to connect these lines of Falkland's with the passage in which Jonson promises that, if the present piece is successful,

Old Trent will send you more such Tales as these (l. 56) ;

but this is evidently nothing but a clumsy attempt to explain away unwelcome evidence.

I ought, perhaps, to mention a conjecture which Cunningham put forward in his notes. He points out that the pagination jumps from 122 to 133, and adds that from this fact he is « led to apprehend that the compiler cancelled some large cantle of this exquisite fragment ». Were this charge well founded, it would, indeed, be a dark blot on Sir Kenelm's fame. Happily, however, there is not the smallest reason to suppose that he or anyone else was guilty of such vandalism. The irregularity of pagination occurs in the middle of Act I, where there is no possible room for the restoration of any « cantle » large or small. Since, moreover, the signatures throughout the play are perfectly regular, it is abundantly evident that the irregular numbering is due to a mere error of the press.

Whether there ever existed more of the play or no, what we have probably still lacked the author's final revision. That this is so, seems clear from the inconsistent, and at times even absurd, use of dialect. The most flagrant instance of this is, of course, the passage (l. 623) in which Earine suddenly adopts the language of the swineherd.

It seems to me, therefore, that all the more important items of evidence point in the same direction : the testimony of Falkland, the unrevised state of the fragment, and the absence of any traceable influence on contemporary literature. It is impossible to say for certain that the *Sad Shepherd* was never finished ; but, as we have it, it is a fragment, and there is no evidence available that would justify us in believing that at any time there existed more of the play than we now possess.

The question of the date is a more complicated one, and one on which not only is certainty equally out of the question, but some difference of opinion as the trend of the evidence is perhaps possible. The only piece of direct testimony on the subject is contained in the first line of the prologue :

He that hath feasted you these forty yeares.

The earliest notices that we possess of Jonson as a playwright belong to 1597, and as he then appears to have been a writer of some standing, we must place the beginning of his career rather earlier, say about 1595. According to Mr Fleay, the latest writing known as his bears the date of January 1, 1635. This would be an extreme date for the play; but the « forty yeares » need not be taken too literally : the phrase might apply to almost any date after 1630. But it is always possible that the « forty » itself may be an alteration. « Twenty » or « thirty » would suit the line equally well, and the sense in some ways better. Twenty years from Jonson's début as an author would bring us to about the period at which he published his first collected volume of « Works », when he was, both as a dramatist and a masque-writer, at the very summit of his fame. The lines in the prologue which follow close upon that already quoted, would well suit such a point in his career :

Yet you, with patience harkning more and more.  
At length have growne up to him, and made knowne,  
The Working of his Pen is now your owne.

Certainly at the end of his career, after the failure of the *New Inn*, it would have been absurd for Jonson to claim that he was in sympathy with his public. Proceeding with the prologue, we come to the lines :

He pray's you would vouchsafe, for your owne sake,  
To hear him this once more.

This must not be taken literally : the play cannot have been intended as a farewell performance since a promise of more of the same sort is held out. It is quite possible, however, that that portion of the prologue where the speaker « returnes upon a new purpose » may belong to a different date from the rest. Two passages have indeed been adduced in support of an early date, but neither is particularly conclusive. In the first place, Mr Fleay <sup>1</sup> has argued that the lines :

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<sup>1</sup> Following Peter Cunningham, as quoted in the notes to the Shakespeare Society's edition of the *Drum* ions » (see below).

But here's a Heresie of late let fall ;  
That Mirth by no means fits a Pastorall,

must refer to censures passed by Drumond on Jonson's *May Lord*, in connection with which he remarked in his manuscript notes of conversations with Jonson at Hawthornden : « Contrary to all other pastoralls, he bringeth the clowns making mirth and foolish sports ». Since the conversations took place not later than January 1619, the remark could hardly be said to have been « of late let fall » about 1630. There is, however, absolutely no reason to connect the passages at all, since we do not know that Drummond ever uttered his criticism, and Jonson's phrase might easily refer to some unrecorded censure passed, for instance, on the pastoral work of his « son » Randolph, whose *Amyntas*, in which the comic element was prominent, had been acted before the court in 1632 or 1633. The other passage, to which attention was, I believe, first directed by Mr Homer Smith <sup>1</sup>, has perhaps more weight. In it Jonson laughs at those who think

that no stile for Pastorall should goe  
Current, but what is stamp'd with *Ah*, and *O*.

Now the frequent repetition of these mournful expletives is a mannerism particularly distinctive of Samuel Daniel, the later of whose two pastoral dramas, *Hymen's Triumph*, was performed at the marriage of the Earl of Roxburgh in 1614. As a hit at Daniel the passage would, therefore, be somewhat pointless at such a date as 1630. On the other hand, it may be argued that Jonson intended to deride the whole school of melancholy pastoral sentiment, and not merely its most notable exponent, and that, being at the time a comparatively old man, he allowed his mind to dwell upon the literary traditions of his prime rather than upon those strictly contemporary.

The closing lines of the prologue I would gladly believe to be late :

From such your wits redeeme you, or your chance,  
Lest to a greater height you doe advance  
Of Folly, to contemne those that are knowne  
Artificers, and trust such as are none.

That Jonson should seek to enforce admiration of his work by an

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<sup>1</sup> In an interesting article on « Pastoral Influence in the English Drama » contributed to the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America (1897, p. 355).

appeal to his acknowledged position in the world of letters, while sneering at others who had not yet won similar recognition, is an unlovely trait, suitable enough to the closing years of the giant, when, with the secret consciousness of failing powers, he had to face the public rejection of his latest work. Whether we are justified, however, in arguing that at no earlier period could Jonson have adopted so ungenerous an attitude, will depend, of course, upon the view we may take as to his character in general, a wide question, which must be left to the judicious consideration of the reader.

There is not much in the text of the play itself of a nature to throw light upon the question of the date; one or two passages, however, demand attention. Mr Fleay has maintained that Goffe in his *Careless Shepherdess* « imitated many passages » of Jonson's play. It is to be regretted that he was not more explicit, for other critics have only been able to adduce one parallel, and for my own part, although I know both plays pretty well, I must confess to having failed to discover any other. The first, I believe, to draw attention to this passage was Gifford. In Jonson's play the first scene opens with the lines :

Here ! she was wont to goe ! and here ! and here !  
Just where those Daisies, Pincks, and Violets grow :  
The world may find the Spring by following her ;  
For other print her airie steps neere left.

Now, in Goffe's play occur the lines (V. vii) :

This was her wonted place, on these green banks  
She sate her down, when first I heard her play  
Unto her lisning sheep ; nor can she be  
Far from the spring she's left behinde. That Rose  
I saw not yesterday, nor did that Pincke  
Then court my eye ; She must be here, or else  
That gracefull Marigold wo'd shure have clos'd  
Its beauty in her withered leaves, and that  
Violet too wo'd hang its velvet head  
To mourn the absence of her eyes <sup>1</sup>.

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<sup>1</sup> The fact that the lines, as quoted by Gifford, offer a number of differences from the above, must be either due to rather gross carelessness, or else to deliberate falsification ; the variations, however, are of little consequence.

The public production of the *Careless Shepherdess* was certainly not earlier, nor the composition later, than 1629, the date both of the author's death and of the opening of Salisbury Court, the theatre in the Strand where it was performed. Now, the likeness between the passages quoted above is not in reality very close. One unusual idea is indeed common to the two : « The world may find the Spring by following her », « nor can she be Far from the spring she's left behinde » ; and there are certain coincidences of phrase which become significant in view of this main parallel : « Here ! she was wont to goe ! » « This was her wonted place », and the mention of pinks and violets together in both passages. But further than this the resemblance does not extend. Professor Dowden, indeed, thinks that the likeness « though striking, is not decisive of imitation by either poet » <sup>1</sup>. This may be so ; but most readers will probably agree that the greater likelihood lies on the side of there being some connection between the passages. I should not, myself, see any difficulty in supposing that some reminiscence of words heard at a performance of Goffe's piece — it was not printed till 1656 — floated before Jonson's mind as he penned the exquisite opening to his play, were it not for the fact that the passage in the *Careless Shepherdess* appears to be distinctly above the average of Goffe's work. But the internal evidence appears equally against the supposition that Goffe had seen Jonson's lines, for it is the whole speech which displays unusual merit, and not merely the one or two phrases in which the resemblance lies. Two possible explanations suggest themselves. Either Goffe may have seen an earlier draft of Jonson's work, a draft containing the speech in a form which was subsequently altered, possibly on account of the plagiarism ; or there may be a common source for the two passages. In the latter case it is probable that, had the original been either English or classical, it would ere now have been detected by Jonson's editors ; should it, however, happen to lie somewhere in the minor pastoral drama of Italy, there would be nothing astonishing in its having escaped notice.

So far as I am aware, there is only one other passage out of which any trace of even doubtful evidence can be extracted. I refer to line 949, in which Jonson mentions « the drowned Lands of Lincolnshire ».

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<sup>1</sup> See the programme of the play, as performed by the Elizabethan Stage Society at Fulham Palace on July 23, 1898. To this programme Professor Dowden contributed some exceedingly interesting notes, to which I shall have repeated occasion to refer.

This looks like a reminiscence of the great Lincolnshire floods of 1613, when the sea entered twelve miles inland. In that case, the passage must have been written within a few years of that date. It is quite possible, however, that Jonson may not have had any specific allusion in his mind, but have merely used the epithet as one generally applicable to the land of fen and broad <sup>1</sup>.

Evidence of style is usually of a nature difficult to determine precisely, and is itself often of a doubtful character. That many passages are worthy of Jonson's genius at its height, will hardly be denied. Though unlike any other play he ever wrote, the *Sad Shepherd* presents many points of similarity with the best of the masques. This has influenced some critics in assigning to the play an early date. Symonds, in his sketch of Ben Jonson <sup>2</sup>, went so far as to talk of « the critical impossibility of believing that a paralysed, bed-ridden poet, who had been silent for two whole years, should suddenly have conceived and partly executed a masterpiece worthy of his prime ». I think, however, that he exaggerates the difficulty. There is no reason whatever to suppose that the fragment belongs to the very last days of Jonson's life ; the prologue, as we have already seen, might perfectly well refer to 1630, a year in which Jonson was still writing masques, or 1631, in which he began to collect a second volume of « Works » for the press. Others, again, have regarded the play as indicating a brief and spasmodic revival of poetic inspiration at the close of the poet's career ; as it were a lightning before death. A friend, for whose opinion I have great respect, thinks it possible to distinguish individual passages of great beauty set in a matrix of inferior and later work. I cannot honestly say that I perceive the difference. That it is possible to pick out passages of particular beauty is true, but it is also beside the point, unless it can be shown that they are not of a piece with the rest of the composition. But while I fail for my own part to distinguish two strata of work, I am not in the least inclined to deny the possibility of their existence ; indeed, I think that it is on other grounds perfectly possible that such may be the case.

So far we have certainly not found any very conclusive evidence in favour of an early date to set against Falkland's testimony already quoted :

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<sup>1</sup> The subject of the fens appears to have been to the fore in 1629 when one H. C. wrote « A Discourse concerning the Drayning of Fennes ».

<sup>2</sup> In the series of « English Worthies », 1888, p. 192.

Not long before his death, our woods he meant  
To visit, and descend from Thames to Trent ;

and it may be doubted whether the question of the date of the *Sad Shepherd* would ever have been much debated, but for a certain theory, which I believe we owe to the ingenuity of that nothing if not ingenious scholar, Mr Fleay. This is the theory of the substantial identity of the *Sad Shepherd* with another work of Jonson's, namely the *May Lord*, mentioned by him to Drummond and duly recorded by the latter in his manuscript notes. Mr Fleay's view has obtained respectful consideration from more than one subsequent critic. Symonds elaborated it in his work on Jonson, thereby giving it the authority of a first-rate critical intelligence. Unfortunately, however, he was debarred from many of the resources of modern scholarship, and here, as elsewhere, committed the error of accepting as recognised fact Mr Fleay's sometimes questionable assertions. Dr Ward, on the other hand, while apparently inclining to an early date for the play, does not think the connection sufficiently established. Professor Dowden definitely rejects it. It will be necessary for us to enter upon the question somewhat in detail.

In the first place, let me quote, as our starting point, the passage from the Drummond « Conversations » as it appears in the original manuscript edited by Laing for the Shakespeare Society in 1842<sup>1</sup> :

« He hath a pastorall intituled The May Lord. His own name is Alkin, Ethra the Countesse of Bedford's, Mogibell Overberry, the old Countesse of Suffolk ane inchanteress ; other names are given to Somersett's Lady, Pembroke, the Countesse of Rutland, Lady Wroth. In his first storie, Alkin commeth in mending his broken pipe. Contrary to all other pastoralls, he bringeth the clownes making mirth and foolish sports .»

Mr Fleay, after quoting the above passage, remarks :

« The appearance of Alkin in both plays ; the witch of Papplewick in one, and an enchantress in the other ; the palpable identity of Robin Hood and Maid Marian as possessors of Belvoir and Sherwood with Roger Earl and Elizabeth Countess of Rutland (for Belvoir was their seat, and the Earl was Justice in Eyre of Sherwood Forest) ; the correspondence in number of the female characters in the two plays ; the allusion to mirth in Pastoral, which could not have been let fall « of

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<sup>1</sup> Laing, p. 27, cf. p. 44 ; Jonson, 1875, ix. 399.

late » in 1635, since Jonson discussed it with Drummond in 1619; the witch's daughter Douce in one play, and Frances Howard, Somerset's lady, in the other; the time of action, « youthful June » — all point to the indentification of these two plays .»

It will be necessary to examine this list of correspondences rather more closely, and to avoid so far as possible the preconception observable in Mr Fleay's argument. And in the first place, it must be observed that Drummond terms the *May Lord* simply « a pastorall », while in the very next entry, speaking of another work contemplated by Jonson, he uses the phrase « a fisher or pastorall play ». It is, therefore, by no means certain, as Mr Fleay, Dr Ward, and, I believe, all recent critics have imagined, that the *May Lord* was dramatic at all; while Drummond's expression « the first storie » would certainly appear more appropriate to a series of eclogues or pastoral tales. Again, while there is every reason why the play should be called the *Sad Shepherd*, there is none at all why it should be called the *May Lord*. The « time of action » is obviously not the same in both cases, as Mr Fleay asserts, since the lost work, suggesting by its title a counterpart to the « Lady of May », was of course connected with the festivities of May-day; whereas the season in the *Sad Shepherd* is June, after sheep-shearing. As to the comic element in pastoral, though there is in the extant fragment certainly no lack of « mirth », there is nothing of the rustic buffoonery suggested by the « clownes » making « foolish sports », while we have already seen that no argument in this connection can be based on the supposed allusion in the prologue of the play. The identification of the characters, moreover, is open to very serious question. Alkin, or Alken, it is true, appears in both works, and in the *Sad Shepherd* as in the *May Lord* may very likely represent Jonson himself. But in the *Sad Shepherd* Alken describes himself as an old man, which Jonson certainly was not at the date which, we shall presently see, best fits what we know of the *May Lord*. Nor in the play does he anywhere come in « mending his broken pipe ». Of course, we only possess about half of the *Sad Shepherd*, but whatever else the « first storie » may mean, it certainly implies an early portion of the work. Neither of the other names mentioned by Drummond, Ethra and Mogibell, occurs in the play. More important still is the fact that not a single line of the play can be cited in support of the theory that it was composed with even the remotest topical intent. There is nothing whatever in the character of Douce, « the proud », to suggest the unfortunate Frances Howard, who was



accused of vices of a very different nature. Indeed, while Douce is only connected with magic through being Maudlin's daughter, it was most probably the fact of her being Frances' mother that suggested the character of a witch for the «old Countesse of Suffolk». Lastly, I may mention that Mr Fleay only obtains «the correspondence in number of the female characters», first by supposing Drummond's list for the *May Lord* to be complete, and next by altering «Pembrook», as it stands in that list, into «[Lady] Pembroke». The emendation may or may not be a plausible one; it can hardly be treated as a satisfactory basis for further argument.

It will be already apparent that the formidable array of parallels adduced shows a remarkable tendency to vanish upon closer inspection.

There remains the identification of Robin and Marian with the Earl and Countess of Rutland. This is a more intricate question; but it cannot be too clearly stated at the outset, that the presentation of these characters in the play shows not the faintest trace of an intention on the author's part to depict anything but the familiar figures of legend. If it could be shown that, in drawing the characters of Robin and Marian, the author had any topical intention, we should have little difficulty in identifying them with the Rutlands; if, on the other hand, we knew that the Rutlands appeared in the play, we should at once say that they could be none other than Robin and Marian. But we can be sure of neither. Robin and Marian appear in the *Sad Shepherd*, and the Rutlands in the *May Lord*; and it is precisely the identity of these two works which is the point at issue.

The historical facts appear to be as follows. Roger Manners, fifth Earl of Rutland, was born in 1576, and succeeded his father, the fourth Earl, at the age of eleven. In 1599 he married the only daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, who bore the name of Elizabeth, after her royal godmother<sup>1</sup>. It is evident from numerous contemporary references that the Earl was generally supposed to be incapable of fulfilling the part of a husband, a circumstance, Mr Fleay argues, which makes the name of «Maid Marian» particularly applicable to the Countess. The Earl died in 1612. Authorities unfortunately differ as to the date of the Countess' death. In the article on Roger Manners, the Dictionary of National Biography gives it as 1615, while in that on Philip Sidney,

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<sup>1</sup> In the Dic. Nat. Biog. (s. v. Roger Manners) she is called Frances, but this is a mistake corrected in the volume of errata.

the same work gives it as 1612. This latter date is also supported by other authorities. Mr H. R. Fox Bourne, however, who supplies in his life of Sidney <sup>1</sup> more precise information concerning the Countess than I have been able to find elsewhere, states that she was born in November 1585, married at the age of fifteen, and died in 1615 at the age of thirty. I have no doubt that he is correct, and we shall also see that this date suits our present inquiry much better than the earlier one. On Roger's death the property and title passed to his brother Francis, two years his junior, who in 1602 had married Frances, daughter of Sir Henry Knevet and widow of Sir William Bevil: she died, after bearing him a daughter, Catherine, who married the Duke of Buckingham in 1620. After her death he married, some time between 1608 and 1612, Cicely, daughter of Sir J. Tufton and widow of Sir G. Hungerford, by whom he had two sons, both of whom died in infancy. The Earl died in 1632, the title passing to a third brother.

There are two points which deserve particular attention. In the first place, whenever elsewhere in the Drummond « Conversations » we find mention of the Countess of Rutland, it is evident that it is the Countess Elizabeth who is meant, in spite of the fact that she had already been dead some years. Mr Fleay is consequently no doubt right in assuming that it was she who appeared in the *May Lord*. It follows that this poem cannot have been written later than 1615, nor, if the Earl appeared, later than 1612, for it is hardly conceivable that Jonson should have introduced characters who were already dead in company with others still alive, in a work of this sort. In the second place, it will be noticed that in the passage of the « Conversations » concerning the *May Lord*, it is the Countess alone and not the Earl who is mentioned. We cannot therefore be sure whether the latter was a character in the poem in question or not. We do know, however, from other passages that relations had been somewhat strained between Ben and the Earl, and we may well think it improbable that Jonson should have introduced the latter as the virtual hero of his play. Having regard to these considerations, I think it very unlikely, either that Robin and Marian were characters in the *May Lord*, or that the Earl and Countess of Rutland were in any way adumbrated in the *Sad Shepherd*, or, lastly, that there was ever any fundamental connection between these two works at all.

It will be worth while to consider for a moment what is the most

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<sup>1</sup> « *Heroes of the Nations* » series, 1891, pp. 289 and 359.

### XVIII

likely date for the composition of the *May Lord*. We have seen that it can hardly have been written later than 1615. The appearance of Frances Howard may help us to fix a narrower limit. The fact of her being called « Somerset's Lady » is perhaps significant. Daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, she had been married to the young Earl of Essex in 1606, and obtained a divorce in September 1613. She became Countess of Somerset in the following December, but her name had been closely associated with that of the favourite, Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester (1611) and Earl of Somerset (November 1613), for some years previously. Though at the time of speaking (1619) she was of course Countess of Somerset, the phrase may possibly imply that the work was composed at a period before she had acquired her right to that title. Curiously enough, Mr Fleay, arguing in favour of March 1615 as the date of the work, writes : « It was doubtless written close to the Overbury trial, commenced 1615, April. Somerset's lady would hardly have been made a witch's daughter till then ». To begin with, the Overbury trial did not open till May 1616, a date which, as we have seen, is too late for the composition of the *May Lord*. Moreover, the Countess of Somerset was then on trial for murder, and there were no particular circumstances to connect the case with witchcraft. The summer of 1613, on the other hand, saw the Essex divorce suit, in the course of which the suggestion of witchcraft was actually brought forward to account for the alleged impotency of the Earl.

Professor Dowden has put forward the interesting suggestion that « Perhaps a faint indication of the date of *The May Lord* may be found in the circumstance that Alkin (Jonson himself) « commeth in mending his broken pipe ». During 1612 and 1613 Jonson's pipe was broken ; no comedy was produced, no Court masque was written ». Various items of evidence, therefore, agree in pointing to the autumn of 1613 as the date of composition <sup>1</sup>.

It may of course be argued that Jonson could not have published a poem reflecting on the character of the Countess at a time when Somerset was still an influential person at court. It may be further argued that he showed no disposition to offend the favourite by failing in the customary flatteries, for it must be remembered that Gifford's compliment to Ben upon his non-production of gratulatory verses on the Earl's marriage was premature, and that such have since been

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<sup>1</sup> If this date be accepted we must suppose that the Countess alone, and not the Earl appeared in the piece.

discovered. These objections, however, are easily answered, for it is clear that, whenever it may have been written, the poem, as a matter of fact, was not published, and even had it been, it does not follow that the topical element would have been evident to the uninitiated. Unless I am much mistaken, at the very time when Jonson was penning the fulsome address to Somerset, the autograph text of which is preserved in that worthy's copy of the poet's works <sup>1</sup>, he was in private giving vent to his satirical humour in the traditional medium of the allegorical pastoral.

With regard to the date of the *Sad Shepherd*, Professor Dowden writes as follows. « It has not been noticed in connection with *The Sad Shepherd* that Belvoir Castle was painfully connected with the subject of witchcraft in 1618-19. The Earl of Rutland's two sons died in infancy. Joan Flower and her two daughters, servants at Belvoir Castle, were dismissed for neglect of duty. In 1618, five years after the loss of the elder son, they were accused of causing his death by witchcraft; Joan Flower died upon wishing the bread she ate might choke her if she were guilty; her daughters confessed the crime, and were executed while Jonson was in Scotland. Is it altogether a fanciful conjecture that Jonson may have written the fragment of *The Sad Shepherd* before this discovery of witchcraft; may have laid his work aside as having distressing suggestions for the Earl and Countess of Rutland, and towards the close of his life, after the death of the Earl (December, 1632) may have decided to complete the play, but with his enfeebled hand may have failed to accomplish his design? » This is exceedingly ingenious, and may well account for the non-appearance of the *May Lord*, but unless we identify the *Sad Shepherd* with that work, which Professor Dowden does not do, it is difficult to assign so early a date to the play, since Jonson could hardly have helped mentioning it to Drummond when speaking of his pastoral work, actual and contemplated, had any of it then been in existence.

Reviewing the evidence detailed above, we shall, I think, be driven to the conclusion that the identity of the *Sad Shepherd* with the *May Lord*, so far from being established, is hardly even within the bounds of possibility. This, however, need not prevent our believing in some connection between the two. Those, for instance, who consider that Goffe was probably acquainted with the opening lines of Jonson's play, are at perfect liberty to suppose that he had

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<sup>1</sup> British Museum, C. 28. m. 11.

read them in one of the pastoral « stories » which constituted the *May Lord*, and which would be much more likely to circulate in manuscript than would an unfinished drama. Of the fate of the *May Lord* we know nothing, but it had every opportunity of perishing along with so much else in the fire of 1623; while, supposing it to have survived that catastrophe, it may have been excluded by the editor of the 1640 folio on account of Jonson's having made use of passages from it in the *Sad Shepherd*.

The following summary then may be taken as fairly representing the present state of our knowledge on the questions we have been discussing, and, short of the discovery of some entirely new and unsuspected evidence, it is not easy to see how any further knowledge should be possible.

(i) There is no ground for supposing that there ever existed more of the *Sad Shepherd* than we at present possess.

(ii) The theory of the substantial identity of the *Sad Shepherd* and the *May Lord* must be rejected, there being no reason to suppose that the latter was dramatic at all.

(iii) The two works may, however, have been to some extent connected in subject, and fragments of the one may survive embedded in the other.

(iv) The *May Lord* was most probably written in the autumn of 1613.

(v) The date of the *Sad Shepherd* cannot be fixed with certainty; but there is no definite evidence to oppose to the first line of the prologue and the allusion in Falkland's elegy, which agree in placing it in the few years preceding Jonson's death.

POSITION OF THE « SAD SHEPHERD » IN PASTORAL. It is no part of my plan as editor to enter upon an aesthetic discussion of the qualities of Jonson's play, however tempting a field of enquiry such questions may open up<sup>1</sup>. It may, however, be worth while endeavouring to indicate as briefly as possible the position which the *Sad Shepherd* occupies in the history of the pastoral drama in England.

The English pastoral drama was in the main the outcome of foreign influence. It is true that this foreign influence met and blended

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<sup>1</sup> I have said what I have to say upon the subject at some length elsewhere, and must refer any reader who may chance to be interested in my views to a volume on *Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama*, to be published, I hope, by Mr A. H. Bullen before the end of the year.

with forces and traditions, which had already established themselves in English literature, but it remained paramount. Each of these traditions, moreover, was itself complex. One was the mythological play, which sprang from a conjunction between the fashion of the court masque and the study of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*; another was the eclogue, in which the traditions of Vergil, Mantuan and Marot found a meeting point in Spenser; a third was the chivalric-pastoral romance, which, Spanish, in its origin, had been acclimatised, with a good deal of classical admixture, by Sidney in his *Arcadia*. Each of these various traditions had also been more or less affected by a vein of native pastoralism, which revealed itself in the songs and ballads. All in turn contributed to the fashioning of that body of pastoral drama which flourished in the sunshine of the court during the reigns of the first two Stuarts. The motive impulse, however, came from without — from the pastoral drama of Italy. Many critics have written as though the whole meaning and history of the English pastoral drama could be summed up in the two names Tasso and Guarini, and though this is to take a narrow view of the subject, it is true that their influence is dominant in the great majority of such compositions.

It was these traditions that determined the character of the main body of English pastoral drama, that produced by writers naturally subject to surrounding influences and in response to a courtly demand. There were, however, certain other writers who appear to have set themselves to make definite experiments in the acclimatisation of a form of pastoral on the English stage, and of these Jonson was one. Four such experiments can, I think, be distinguished. The earliest in time, as well as the simplest in character, was that of Samuel Daniel, whose two pastoral dramas, the *Queen's Arcadia* and *Hymen's Triumph*, were performed in 1605 and 1614 respectively. These were merely attempts to transfer the Italian pastoral, as exemplified in Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, without alteration onto the English stage. But for the fact of being written in English, they differ in nothing from what one of Guarini's Italian imitators might have produced. The next experiment was Fletcher's. The *Faithful Shepherdess*, acted about 1609, was an attempt so to modify the structure of the pastoral play as to bring it more into accordance with the traditions of the English drama. Thus, while keeping the ideal atmosphere and also somewhat of the pseudo-classical machinery, Fletcher replaced discourse and narration by vivid and dramatic action, and relied upon a marvellous gift of lyric versification to conceal the fatuities of plot and sentiment.

His was the first of these experiments openly to challenge public opinion and its reception was in the last degree unfavourable. After an interval of over twenty years, a brilliant young Cambridge wit, Thomas Randolph, tried his hand in a third experiment of the kind, and produced his *Amyntas*, acted at court about 1632. He retained almost unaltered the dramatic construction of Guarini and his school, though evincing a tendency towards greater complexity in the arrangement of characters ; but he sought at the same time to bring the whole into accordance with English taste by the addition, very skilfully managed, of a comic underplot. Without for a moment approaching Fletcher's perfection of poetry, he succeeded in producing an exceedingly pleasing work which, if it can hardly be supposed to have possessed the qualities necessary to recommend it to a popular audience, yet deserved, and doubtless enjoyed, no common measure of success when acted before their majesties at Whitehall. So far the experiments had fallen into two classes : Daniel's was mere transplanting ; Fletcher and Randolph each sought to adapt on different lines. It remained for Jonson to attempt the creation, out of a variety of materials, of a pastoral drama which should be truly and essentially English. He failed — but it would be rash to assert that his failure was due to any other cause than that he left his work unfinished. Where he failed, few later writers have sought success. That Waldron supplied the deficiency, will hardly be maintained. Whether it was made good by the author of the *Gentle Shepherd* is another question, and one to which different readers will no doubt offer different answers.

It may perhaps be expected that I should say a few words concerning the materials used by Jonson in the construction of the *Sad Shepherd*. The characters fall into three groups. In the first place we have the shepherds and shepherdesses of Belvoir vale. These form the basis of the pastoral element in the play. They may be regarded, less as stock characters of pastoral convention, than as idealisations of actual English country folk on the conventional lines of pastoral tradition ; but it must at the same time be admitted that such passages as those concerning the « Lovers Scriptures » (l. 382 etc.) and Venus and the Graces (l. 334 etc.) are out of keeping with any such popular presentation. Next we have the witch, Maudlin of Papplewick, with her son and daughter, playing in Jonson's drama the part assigned to enchanter, prophets, and oracles in the classical pastoral of Italy. Lastly, Jonson has availed himself of the forest tradition, the *favola boschereccia*, to introduce a set of characters which properly

belong neither to pastoral tradition nor to pastoral life, namely the outlaw hunters of Sherwood forest. It is here, moreover, that he has shown his most consummate skill in the manner in which, while allowing the strictly pastoral theme to supply the motive and being of the plot, he has relied for the bulk of the dialogue and action upon the congenial characters of Robin Hood and his « family ». I may call attention, as a literary curiosity, to the fact that the characters of Robin and Marian, which Jonson borrowed from the eminently unpastoral legend of popular tradition, are not improbably related, perhaps at no such very distant remove, to the Robin and Marion of the French *pastourelles*. It may even be that the tradition of Sherwood forest appeared to Jonson and his contemporaries as less foreign to the realms of pastoral than they do to us, for do we not find in the books of the Stationers' Company, under the date of May 14, 1594, the entry of « a pastorall plesant Commedie of Robin Hood and little John »? <sup>1</sup>

WALDRON'S CONTINUATION. The completion of the fragment by F. G. Waldron is here reprinted for the first time from the original edition of 1783. I have, however, incorporated in the text the author's manuscript corrections and alterations, recorded in his own interleaved copy already mentioned, and have also reproduced certain annotations from the same source. The readings of the edition of 1783, when departed from, have in all cases been recorded at the foot of the page.

Critics have on the whole treated Waldron's work with politeness. « The effort, » wrote Gifford, « though bold, was laudable, and the success highly honourable to his talents and ingenuity. To say that he fell short of Jonson, is saying nothing to his discredit; but, in justice to the modest and unpretending continuator, it may fairly be added, that there are not many dramatic writers in our language, to whose compositions the powers which he has displayed in his Supplement, will be found to be very unequal. » Dr Ward, in his *English Dramatic Literature* (II. 386), is more critical : « With the exception of the third act (for his share in which he had the guidance of Ben Jonson's *Argument*) the continuation is all Waldron's own invention,

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<sup>1</sup> Robin Hood had, of course, frequently figured on the English stage from the days of the May-game play printed by William Copeland, to those of the Munday-Chettle plays of *Robert, Earl of Huntingdon*, but no connection appears to exist between these and Jonson's work.



although passages from other authors are made use of, in what he conceives would have been the spirit of Ben Jonson, while one speech is chiefly borrowed from Jonson himself. Waldron (whose notes are very useful) was, however, unequal to this part of his task; what he has added could hardly be mistaken by the least sophisticated reader for genuine Jonson; many of his lines bear the stamp of the age in which they were produced, nor is the grammar always perfect. The invention of the second part of the plot is, however, fairly sufficient, though Waldron takes too much trouble to marry every good personage of the drama at the close, and to convert every bad one. The repentance of the witch reads like that of a sinner freshly awakened by suitable admonition. » The charges are just enough. With regard to Douce, whom Waldron mates with Clarion, it may be noticed that she is drawn rather sympathetically in the fragment, and it appears by no means unlikely that Jonson intended to dissociate her from her surroundings in order to balance the numbers of his nymphs and swains. The passage borrowed from Jonson was pointed out by Waldron in his own notes, and will be found on p. 36 of the present edition. He gave the reference to Whalley's edition in which the poem in question is called, for some reason best known to the editor, *Epheme*. It is the *Eupheme* (or « The Faire Fame ») of the *Underwoods*, an elegy on Lady Venetia Digby, and the passage will be found on p. 257 of the folio of 1640. The imitation is not particularly close, and it is due to Waldron to say that, had he chosen to be silent on the subject, it is unlikely that the borrowing would have been discovered. An editor of the *Sad Shepherd* is naturally predisposed in Waldron's favour by the conscientious and unpretending manner in which he accumulated all the information which he thought could tend to elucidate his author, and I confess that, if Gifford's remarks err on the side of generosity, they yet appear to me nearer the truth than the rather grudging admissions of Dr Ward. Perhaps the most pleasing example of Waldron's work is the Dirge, which will be found on p. 50. It is, however, necessary to remark that the poet is wrong in his terms of art. If the dead quarry had a dappled hide, he was a fallow and not a red deer, and should therefore have been styled a buck and not a hart, while his mate should have been called a doe; deer being a generic name including both sexes of red and fallow alike. Jonson, though not always accurate in his terms, would certainly not have made such blunders as these. This, however, has little to do with the general merit of the continuation, which is here offered to the merciful censure of the reader.

Waldron was a member of Garrick's company at Drury Lane, and manager under Garrick of several country theatres. Later he became prompter at the Haymarket under the younger Colman. He was author of some original plays, which achieved no success, of several adaptations, and likewise of a sequel to the *Tempest* entitled the *Virgin Queen*. He was born in 1744 and died in 1818.

THE PRESENT EDITION. In the present edition the text of the fragment has been reproduced as accurately as possible from the original folio. All misprints and irregularities have been retained, the more important being recorded in the notes. I may mention that an attempt has been made to distinguish even between roman and italic commas, though I am not very confident as to the degree of accuracy attained in this respect. Considering the liability of error, and the strain on the eyesight, it is not a practice I should recommend, and I certainly for my part have no intention of repeating the experiment. The following list of misprints in the original does not aim at including all the irregularities, especially of punctuation, occurring in the text, but only such as might cause trouble or uncertainty to an editor.

<i>Persons.</i> Larine	l. 389. world
l. 246. Tabret-mov'd	394. Vale ?
249. sing. ( <i>period</i> )	424. Stagge ?
267. <i>Cypressa</i>	434. marke ?
279. <i>Alhen</i>	460. you ?
307. streames	555. distate
320. Dorks	670. Withall the bark and
328. me. ( <i>period</i> )	849. Karol. ( <i>period</i> )
356. heart	861. (I
370. me l	999. disc overs
372 <i>side note.</i> fotces	1112. last
374. here, one	1134. 'i
381. Lookes	

The reader is requested to correct the following errors, which have crept into the reprint :

- l. 120. found. *It is at the end of this word, not at the end of the headline, that a reversed p should appear in place of the d.*
- 998. *for I'am read I'am.*
- 1144. *for bring'him read bring him.*

Also :

p. 73 line 4. for 643. g. 16 read 643. g. 15.



BEN JONSON'S  
SAD SHEPHERD



THE SAD  
SHEPHERD:  
OR,  
A TALE OF  
ROBIN-HOOD.

---

WRITTEN

By

BEN: JOHNSON.

---

*Virg! Nec erubuit sybas habitare Thakia.*

---

LONDON,  
Printed M.DC.XLI.



### *The Persons of the Play.*

*Robin-hood*, The chiefe Wood-man, Master of the Feast.  
*Marian*, His Lady, the Mistris.

#### *Their Family.*

*Friar Tuck*, The Chaplaine and Steward.  
*Little Iohn*, Bow-bearer.  
*Scarlet*, } Two Brothers, Huntsmen.  
*Scathlock*, }  
*George a Greene*, Huisher of the Bower.  
*Much*, *Robin-hoods* Bailiffe, or Acater.

#### *The Guests invited.*

<i>Clarion</i> ,	{	The Rich.	} Shepherds.
<i>Lionell</i> ,		The Courteous.	
<i>Alken</i> ,		The Sage.	
<i>Aeglamour</i> ,		The Sad.	
<i>Karolin</i> ,		The Kind.	
<i>Mellifleur</i> ,	{	The Sweet.	} Shepherdesses
<i>Amie</i> ,		The Gentle.	
<i>Larine</i> ,		The Beautifull.	

#### *The troubles unexpected.*

*Maudlin*, The Envious : The Witch of Papplewicke.  
*Douce*, The Proud : Her Daughter.  
*Lorell*, The Rude. A Swine'ard, the Witches son.  
*Puck-hairy*, Or *Robin-Goodfellow*, their Hine.

#### *The Reconciler.*

*Reuben*, A devout Hermit.

### *The SCENE is Sher-wood.*

Consisting of a Landt-shape of Forrest, Hills, Vallies, Cottages, A Castle, A River, Pastures, Heardes, Flocks, all full of Countrey simplicity. *Robin-hoods* Bower, his Well, The Witches *Dimble*, The Swine'ards *Oake*, The Hermits *Cell*.



# THE ARGUMENT

of the first ACT.

**R** *Obin-hood*, having invited all the Shep'erds and Shep'erdesses of the Vale of *Be'voir*, to a Feast in the Forrest of *Sherwood*, and trusting to his Mistris, Maid *Marian*, with her Wood-men, to kill him Venison against the day : Having left the like charge with Friar *Tuck* his Chap-laine, and Steward, to command the rest of his merry men, to see the  
 5 Bowre made ready, and all things in order for the entertainment ; meeting with his Guests at their entrance into the Wood, welcomes and conducts them to his Bowre. Where, by the way hee receives the relation of the sad Shep'ard *Eglamour*, who is falne into a deepe Melancholy, for  
 10 the losse of his beloved *Earine* ; reported to have beene drowned in passing over the *Trent*, some few dayes before. They endeavour in what they can to comfort him : but, his disease having taken so strong root, all is in vaine, and they are forced to leave him. In the meane time *Marian* is come from hunting with the Hunts-men, where the Lovers inter-  
 15 changeably expresse their loves. *Robin-hood* enquires if she hunted the Deere at force, and what sport he made, how long hee stood, and what head hee bore : All which is briefly answer'd with a relation of breaking him up, and the Raven, and her Bone. The suspect had of that Raven to be *Maudlin*, the Witch of *Paple-wick*, whom one of the Hunts-  
 20 men met i' the morning, at the rowsing of the Deere, and is confirm'd by her being then in *Robin-hoods* Kitchin, i' the Chimney-corner, broyling the same bit, which was throwne to the Raven, at the *Quarry* or Fall of the Deere. *Marian* being gone in, to shew the Deere to some of the Shep-herdesses, returnes instantly to the *Scene* discontented, sends away the  
 25 Venison she had kill'd, to her they call the Witch, quarrels with her Love *Robin-hood*, abuseth him, and his Guests the Shep'erds ; and so departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexitie.

---

THE

---

## The PROLOGUE.

- 30 **H**E that hath feasted you these forty yeares,  
 And fitted Fables, for your finer eares,  
 Although at first, he scarce could hit the bore ;  
 Yet you, with patience harkning more and more,  
 At length have growne up to him, and made knowne,  
 The Working of his Pen is now your owne :  
 He pray's you would vouchsafe, for your owne sake,  
 35 To heare him this once more, but, sit awake.  
 And though hee now present you with such wooll,  
 As from meere English Flocks his Muse can pull,  
 He hopes when it is made up into Cloath ;  
 Not the most curious head here will be loath  
 40 To weare a Hood of it ; it being a Fleece,  
 To match, or those of Sicily, or Greece.  
 His Scene is Sherwood : And his Play a Tale  
 Of Robin-hood's inviting from the Vale  
 Of Be'voir, all the Shep'ards to a Feast :  
 45 Where, by the casuall absence of one Guest,  
 The Mirth is troubled much, and in one Man  
 As much of sadnesse showne, as Passion can.  
 The sad young Shep'ard, whom wee here present,  
 (p) Like his woes Figure, darke and discontent,  
 50 For his lost Love ; who in the Trent is said,  
 To have miscarried ; 'lasse ! what knowes the head  
 Of a calme River, whom the feet have drown'd ?  
 Heare what his sorrowes are ; and, if they wound  
 Your gentle brests, so that the End crowne all,  
 55 Which in the Scope of one dayes chance may fall :  
 Old Trent will send you more such Tales as these,  
 And shall grow young againe, as one doth please.

- But here's an Heresie of late let fall ;  
 That Mirth by no meanes fits a Pastorall ;  
 60 Such say so, who can make none, he presumes :  
 Else, there's no Scene, more properly assumes  
 The Sock. For whence can sport in kind arise,  
 But from the Rurall Routs and Families ?  
 Safe on this ground then, wee not feare to day,  
 65 To tempt your laughter by our rustick Play.  
 Wherein if we distaste, or be cry'd downe,  
 Wee thinke wee therefore shall not leave the Towne ;  
 Nor that the Fore-wits, that would draw the rest  
 Vnto their liking, alwayes like the best.  
 70 The wise, and knowing Critick will not say,  
 This worst, or better is, before he weigh ;

English  
 Local  
 1.  
 Ch. 1.

(p) The sad  
 Sheep'ard  
 passeth si-  
 lently over  
 the Stage.

Here the  
 Prologue  
 thinking to  
 end, returns  
 upon a new  
 purpose, and  
 speakes on.

Where

- Where every piece be perfect in the kind :  
And then, though in themselves he difference find,  
Yet if the place require it where they stood,*  
75 *The equall fitting makes them equall good.  
You shall have Love and Hate, and Iealousie,  
As well as Mirth, and Rage, and Melancholy :  
Or whatsoever else may either move,  
Or stirre affections, and your likings prove.*  
80 *But that no stile for Pastorall should goe  
Current, but what is stamp'd with Ah, and O ;  
Who judgeth so, may singularly erre ;  
As if all Poesie had one Character :  
In which what were not written, were not right,*  
85 *Or that the man who made such one poore flight,  
In his whole life, had with his winged skill  
Advanc'd him upmost on the Muses hill.  
When he like Poet yet remaines, as those  
Are Painters who can only make a Rose.*  
90 *From such your wits redeeme you, or your chance,  
Lest to a greater height you doe advance  
Of Folly, to contemne those that are knowne  
Artificers, and trust such as are none.*

THE  
SAD SHEPHERD;  
OR,  
A TALE OF  
*Robin-hood.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Aeglamour.*

95 **H**ere ! she was wont to goe ! and here ! and here !  
Just where those Daisies, Pincks, and Violets grow :  
The world may find the Spring by following her ;  
For other print her aerie steps neere left :  
Her treading would not bend a blade of grasse !  
Or shake the downie *Blow-ball* from his stalke !  
100 But like the soft *West-wind*, she shot along,  
And where she went, the Flowers tooke thickest root,  
As she had sow'd 'hem with her odorous foot.

ACT I. SCENE II.

*Marian. Tuck. Iohn. Wood-men, &c.*

*Mar.* Know you, or can you guesse, my merry men,  
What 'tis that keepes your Master *Robin-hood*  
105 So long both from his *Marian*, and the Wood ?  
*Tuc.* Forsooth, Madam, hee will be here by noone,  
And prayes it of your bounty as a boone,  
That you by then have kild him Venison some,  
To feast his jolly friends, who hether come  
110 In threaves to frolick with him, and make cheare ;  
Here's *Little Iohn* hath harbord you a Deere,  
I see by his tackling. *Io.* And a Hart of ten,  
I trow hee be, Madam, or blame your men :  
For by his Slot, his Entries, and his Port,  
115 His Frayings, Fewmets, he doth promise sport,  
And standing 'fore the Dogs ; hee beares a head,  
Large, and well beam'd : with all rights somm'd, and spread.  
*Mar.* Let's rowse him quickly, and la  
*Io.* *Scathlock* is ready with them c

120 So is his brother *Scarlet* : now they've found  
 His Layre, they have him sure within the pound.  
*Mor.* Away then, when my *Robin* bids a Feast,  
 'Twere sinne in *Marian* to defraud a Guest.

## ACT. I. SCENE III.

*Tuck.* *George a Greene.* *Much.* *Aeglamour.*

*Tuc.* And I, the Chaplaine, here am left to be  
 125 Steward to day, and charge you all in fee,  
 To d'on your Liveries ; see the Bower drest ;  
 And fit the fine devises for the Feast :  
 You *George* must care to make the Baldrick trim,  
 And Garland that must crowne, or her, or him ;  
 130 Whose Flock this yeare, hath brought the earliest Lambe !  
*Geo.* Good Father *Tuck*, at your Commands I am  
 To cut the Table out O the greene sword,  
 Or any other service for my Lord ;  
 To carve the Guests large seats ; and these laid in  
 135 With turfe (as soft and smooth as the Moles skin : )  
 And hang the bulled Nose-gaies 'bove their heads,  
 The Pipers banck, whereon to sit and play ;  
 And a faire Dyall to meete out the day.  
 Our Masters Feast shall want no just delights :  
 140 His entertainments must have all the rites.

*Muc.* I, and all choise that plenty can send in ;  
 Bread, Wine, Acates, Fowle, Feather, Fish, or Fin,  
 For which my Fathers Nets have swept the *Trent*.

*Aeglamour*  
 fals in with  
 them.

*Aeg.* And ha' you found her ? *Mu.* Whom ? *Aeg.* My drowned Love.  
 145 *Earine* ! the sweet *Earine* !  
 The bright, and beautifull *Earine* !  
 Have you not heard of my *Earine* ?  
 Just by your Fathers Mills (I thinke I am right)  
 Are not you *Much* the Millers sonne ? *Mu.* I am.  
 150 *Aeg.* And Baily to brave *Robin-hood* ? *Mu.* The same.  
*Aeg.* Close by your Fathers Mills, *Earine* !  
*Earine* was drown'd ! O my *Earine* !  
 (Old *Maudlin* tells me so, and *Douce* her Daughter)  
 Ha' you swept the River say you ? and not found her ?  
 155 *Muc.* For Fowle, and Fish wee have. *Aeg.* O not for her ?  
 You're goodly friends ! right charitable men !  
 Nay, keepe your way, and leave me : make your toyes,  
 Your tales, your poesies, that you talk'd of ; all  
 Your entertainments : you not injure me :  
 160 Onely if I may enjoy my *Cipresse* wreath !  
 And you will let me weepe ! ('tis all I aske ;)  
 Till I be turn'd to water, as was she !  
 And troth what lesse suit can you grant a man ?  
*Tuck.* His Phantasie is hurt, let us now leave him :

The

- 165 The wound is yet too fresh, to admit searching.  
*Aeg.* Searching ? where should I search ? or on what track ?  
 Can my slow drop of teares, or this darke shade  
 About my browes, enough describe her losse !  
*Earine*, O my *Earine's* losse !
- 170 No, no, no, no ; this heart will breake first.  
*Geo.* How will this sad disaster strike the cares  
 Of bounteous *Robin-hood*, our gentle Master ?  
*Mu.* How will it marre his mirth, abate his feast ;  
 And strike a horror into every guest !
- 175 *Aeg.* If I could knit whole clouds about my browes,  
 And weepe like *Swithen*, or those watry signes,  
 The Kids that rise then, and drowne all the Flocks  
 Of those rich Shepherds, dwelling in this Vale ;  
 Those carelesse Shepherds, that did let her drowne !
- 180 Then I did something or could make old *Trent*  
 Drunke with my sorrow, to start out in breaches  
 To drowne their Herds, their cattle, and their corne,  
 Breake downe their Mils, their Dams, ore-turne their weeres,  
 And see their houses, and whole lively-hood
- 185 Wrought into water, with her, all were good :  
 I'd kisse the torrent, and those whirles of *Trent*,  
 That suck'd her in, my sweet *Earine* !  
 When they have cast their body on the shore,  
 And it comes up, as tainted as themselves,
- 190 All pale and bloodlesse, I will love it still,  
 For all that they can doe, and make 'hem mad,  
 To see how I will hugge it in mine armes !  
 And hang upon the lookes, dwell on her eyes :  
 Feed round about her lips, and eate her kisses !
- 195 Suck of her drowned flesh ! and where's their malice ?  
 Not all their envious sousing can change that :  
 But I will study some revenge past this !  
 I pray you give me leave, for I will study.  
 Though all the Bels, Pipes, Tabors, Timbures ring
- 200 That you can plant about me : I will study.

## ACT I. SCENE IIII.

To him.

*Robin-hood. Clarion. Mellifleur. Lionel. Amie. Alken.*  
*Tuck. Servants*, with musick of all sorts.

- Rob.* Welcome bright *Clarion*, and sweet *Mellifleur*,  
 The courteous *Lionel*, faire *Amie* ; all  
 My friends and neighbours, to the Jolly Bower  
 Of *Robin-hood*, and to the greene-wood Walkes :  
 205 Now that the shearing of your sheepe is done,  
 And the wash'd Flocks are lighted of their wooll,  
 The smoother Ewes are ready to receive

S

The

The mounting Rams againe ; and both doe feed,  
As either promist to increase your breed

210 At eaning time ; and bring you lusty twins.

Why should, or you, or wee so much forget

The season in our selves : as not to make

Vse of our youth, and spirits, to awake

The nimble Horne-pipe, and the Timburine,

215 And mixe our Songs, and Dances in the Wood,

And each of us cut downe a Triumph-bough.

Such were the Rites, the youthfull *Iune* allow.

*Cla.* They were, gay *Robin*, but the sower sort

Of Shepherds now disclaime in all such sport :

220 And say, our Flocks the while, are poorely fed,

When with such vanities the Swaines are led.

*Tuc.* Would they, wise *Clarion*, were not hurried more

With Covetise and Rage, when to their store

They adde the poore mans Eaneling, and dare sell

225 Both Fleece, and Carkasse, not gi'ing him the Fell.

When to one Goat, they reach that prickly weed,

Which maketh all the rest forbear to feed ;

Or strew *Tods* haire, or with their tailes doe sweepe

The dewy grasse, to d'off the simpler sheepe ;

230 Or digge deepe pits, their Neighbours Neat to vexe,

To drowne the Calves, and crack the Heifers necks.

Or with pretence of chasing thence the Brock,

Send in a curre to worrie the whole Flock.

*Lio.* O Friar, those are faults that are not seene,

235 Ours open, and of worst example beene.

They call ours, *Pagan* pastimes, that infect

Our blood with ease, our youth with all neglect ;

Our tongues with wantonnesse, our thoughts with lust,

And what they censure ill, all others must.

240 *Rob.* I doe not know, what their sharpe sight may see

Of late, but I should thinke it still might be

(As 'twas) a happy age, when on the Plaines,

The Wood-men met the Damsells, and the Swaines

The Neat'ards, Plow-men, and the Pipers loud,

245 And each did dance, some to the Kit, or Crowd,

Some to the Bag-pipe, some the Tabret-mov'd,

And all did either love, or were belov'd.

*Lio.* The dextrous Shepherd then would try his sling,

Then dart his Hooke at Daysies, then would sing.

250 Sometimes would wrastle. *Cla.* I, and with a Lasse :

And give her a new garment on the grasse ;

After a course at Barley-breake, or Base.

*Lio.* And all these deeds were seene without offence,

Or the least hazard o' their innocence.

255 *Rob.* Those charitable times had no mistrust.

Shepherds knew how to love, and not to lust.

*Cla.* Each minute that wee lose thus, I confesse,

Deserves

Deserves a censure on us, more or lesse ;  
 But that a sadder chance hath given allay,  
 260 Both to the Mirth, and Musicke of this day.  
 Our fairest Shepherdesse wee had of late,  
 Here upon *Trent*, is drown'd ; for whom her mate  
 Young *Aeglamour*, a Swaine, who best could tread  
 Our countrey dances, and our games did lead,  
 265 Lives like the melancholy Turtle, drown'd  
 Deeper in woe, then she in water : crown'd ✓ *Gay*  
 With *Yewgh* and *Cypressa*, and will scarce admit  
 The Physick of our presence to his fit.

*Lio.* Sometimes he sits, and thinkes all day, then walkes,  
 270 Then thinkes againe ; and sighes, weeps, laughs, and talkes,  
 And, 'twixt his pleasing frenzie, and sad grieve,  
 Is so distracted ; as no sought reliefe,  
 By all our studies can procure his peace.

*Cla.* The passion finds in him that large increase,  
 275 As wee doubt hourelly wee shall lose him too.

*Rob.* You should not crosse him then what ere you doe :  
 For Phant'sie stop'd, will soone take fire, and burne  
 Into an anger, or to a Phrensie turne.

*Cla.* Nay, so wee are advis'd by *Alken* here,  
 280 A good sage Shepherd, who all-tho' he weare  
 An old worne hat and cloake, can tell us more  
 Then all the forward Fry, that boast their Lore.

*Lio.* See, yonder comes the brother of the Maid,  
 Young *Karolin* ! how curious, and afraid  
 285 Hee is at once ! willing to find him out,  
 And loath to offend him. *Alken.* Sure hee's here about.

#### ACT I. SCENE V.

*Robin-hood. Clarion. Mellifleur. Lionel. Amie. Alken. Karolin.*  
*Aeglamour*, sitting upon a banke by.

*Cla.* See where hee sits. *Aeg.* It will be rare, rare, rare !  
 An exquisite revenge : but peace, no words !  
 Not for the fairest fleece of all the Flock :  
 290 If it be knowne afore, 'tis all worth nothing !  
 Ile carve it on the trees, and in the turfe,  
 On every greene sworth, and in every path,  
 Just to the Margin of the cruell *Trent* ;  
 There will I knock the story in the ground,  
 295 In smooth great peble, and mosse fill it round,  
 Till the whole Countrey read how she was drown'd.  
 And with the plenty of salt teares there shed,  
 Quite alter the complexion of the Spring.  
 Or I will get some old, old Grandam, thither,  
 300 Whose rigid foot but dip'd into the water,  
 Shall strike that sharpe and suddaine cold, throughout,



- As it shall loose all vertue ; and those Nymphs,  
 Those treacherous Nymphs pull'd in *Earine* ;  
 Shall stand curl'd up, like Images of Ice ;  
 305 And never thaw ! marke, never ! a sharpe Justice :  
 Or stay, a better ! when the yeares at hottest,  
 And that the *Dog-starre* fomes, and the streames boiles,  
 And curles, and workes, and swells ready to sparkle :  
 To fling a fellow with a Fever in,  
 310 To set it all on fire, till it burne,  
 Blew as *Scamander*, 'fore the walls of *Troy* ;  
 When *Vulcan* leap'd in to him, to consume him.  
*Rob.* A deepe hurt Phant'sie. *Aeg.* Doe you not approve it ?  
*Rob.* Yes gentle *Aeglamour*, wee all approve,  
 315 And come to gratulate your just revenge :  
 Which since it is so perfect, we now hope,  
 You'l leave all care thereof, and mixe with us,  
 In all the profer'd solace of the Spring.  
*Aeg.* A Spring, now she is dead : of what, of thornes ?  
 320 Briars, and Brambles ? Thistles ? Burs, and Dorks ?  
 Cold Hemlock ? Yewgh ? the Mandrake, or the Boxe ?  
 These may grow still ; but what can spring beside ?  
 Did not the whole Earth sicken, when she died ?  
 As if there since did fall one drop of dew,  
 325 But what was wept for her ! or any stalke  
 Did beare a Flower ! or any branch a bloome ;  
 After her wreath was made : In faith, in faith  
 You doe not faire, to put these things upon me.  
 Which can in no sort be : *Earine*,  
 330 Who had her very being, and her name,  
 With the first knots, or buddings of the Spring.  
 Borne with the Primrose, and the Violet,  
 Or earliest Roses blowne : when *Cupid* smil'd,  
 And *Venus* led the *Graces* out to dance,  
 335 And all the Flowers, and Sweets in *Natures* lap,  
 Leap'd out, and made their solemne Conjuraton.  
 To last, but while shee liv'd : Doe not I know,  
 How the Vale wither'd the same Day ? How *Dove*,  
*Deane*, *Eye*, and *Erwash*, *Idell*, *Snite*, and *Soare*,  
 340 Each broke his Vrne, and twenty waters more,  
 That swell'd proud *Trent*, shrunke themselves dry ; that since,  
 No Sun, or Moone, or other cheerfull *Starre*  
 Look'd out of heaven ! but all the Cope was darke,  
 As it were hung so for her Exequies !  
 345 And not a voice or sound, to ring her knell :  
 But of that dismall paire, the scritchng Owle ;  
 And buzzing Hornet ! harke, harke, harke the soule  
 Bird ! how shee flutters with her wicker wings !  
 Peace you shall heare her scritch. *Cla.* Good *Karolin* sing,  
 350 Helpe to divert this Phant'sie. *Kar.* All I can.

Adynola

Though

Though I am young, and cannot tell,  
 Either what Death, or Love is well,  
 Yet I have heard, they both beare darts,  
 And both doe ayme at humane hearts :  
 355 And then againe, I have beene told  
 Love wounds with heart, as Death with cold ;  
 So that I feare, they doe but bring  
 Extreames to touch, and meane one thing.

The Song.  
 Which while  
 Karolin sings,  
 Aeglamour  
 reads.

As in a ruine, we it call  
 360 One thing to be blowne up, or fall ;  
 Or to our end, like way may have,  
 By a flash of lightning, or a wave :  
 So Loves inflamed shaft, or brand,  
 May kill as soone as Deaths cold hand ;  
 365 Except Loves fires the vertue have  
 To fright the frost out of the grave.

Aeg. Doe you thinke so ? are you in that good heresie ?  
 I meane opinion ? If you be, say nothing :  
 I'll study it, as a new Philosophy,  
 370 But by my selfe alone : Now you shall leave me I  
 Some of these Nimphs, here will reward you ; this  
 This pretty Maid, although but with a kisse,  
 Liv'd my Earine, you should have twenty :  
 For every line here, one I would allow 'hem

Hee fotces  
 Amie to kisse  
 him.

375 From mine owne store, the treasure I had in her :  
 Now I am poore as you. Kar. And I a wretch !  
 Cla. Yet keepe an eye upon him, Karoline.  
 Mel. Alas that ever such a generous spirit,  
 As Aeglamours, should sinke by such a losse.  
 380 Cla. The truest Lovers are least fortunate,  
 Lookes all their Lives, and Legends ; what they call  
 The Lovers Scriptures : Heliadores, or Tatij !  
 Longi ! Eustathij ! Prodomi ! you'll find it !

Aeglamour  
 goes out, and  
 Karolin fol-  
 lowes him.

What thinke you Father ? Alk. I have knowne some few,  
 385 And read of more ; wh'have had their dose, and deepe,  
 Of these sharpe bitter-sweets. Lio. But what is this  
 To jolly Robin ? who the Story is,  
 Of all beatitude in Love ? Cla. And told  
 Here every day, with wonder on the world.

390 Lio. And with fames voice. Alk. Save that some folke delight  
 To blend all good of others, with some spight.

Cla. Hee, and his Marian, are the Summe and Talke  
 Of all, that breath here in the Greene-wood Walke.

Mel. Or Be'voir Vale ? Kar. The Turtles of the Wood.

395 Cla. The billing Paire. Alk. And so are understood  
 For simple loves, and sampled lives beside.

Mel.

*Mel.* Faith, so much vertue should not be envi'd.

*Alk.* Better be so, then pittied *Mellifleur* !

For 'gainst all envy, vertue is a cure ;

400 But wretched pittie ever cal's on scornes.

The Deeres brought home : I heare it by their hornes.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

To *Robin*, &c. *Marian*. *Iohn*. *Scarlet*. *Scathlock*.

*Rob.* My *Marian*, and my Mistris ! *Mar.* My lov'd *Robin* !

*Mel.* The Moones at full, the happy paire are met !

*Mar.* How hath this morning paid me, for my rising !

405 First, with my sports ; but most with meeting you !

I did not halfe so so well reward my hounds,

As she hath me to day : although I gave them

All the sweet morsels, call'd *Tongue*, *Eares*, and *Dowcets* !

*Rob.* What ? and the inch-pin ? *Mar.* Yes. *Rob.* Your sports then  
410 pleas'd you ?

*Mar.* You are a wanton. *Rob.* One I doe confesse

I wanted till you came, but now I have you,

Ile grow to your embraces, till two soules

Distilled into kisses, through our lips

415 Doe make one spirit of love. *Mar.* O *Robin* ! *Robin* !

*Rob.* Breathe, breathe a while, what sayes my gentle *Marian* ?

*Mar.* Could you so long be absent ? *Rob.* What a weeke ?

Was that so long ? *Mar.* How long are Lovers weekes !

Doe you think *Robin*, when they are asunder ?

420 Are they not *Pris'ners* yeares ? *Rob.* To some they seem so ;

But being met againe, they're *Schoole-boyes* houres.

*Mar.* That have got leave to play, and so wee use them.

*Rob.* Had you good sport i'your chase to day ? *Io.* O prime !

*Mar.* A lusty Stagge ? *Rob.* And hunted yee at force ?

425 *Mar.* In a full cry. *Io.* And never hunted change !

✓ *Rob.* You had stanch Hounds then ? *Mar.* Old and sure, I love  
No young rash dogs, no more then changing friends.

*Rob.* What relays set you ? *Io.* None at all ; we laid not

In one fresh dog. *Rob.* Hee stood not long then ? *Sca.* Yes,

430 Five houres and more. A great, large Deere ! *Rob.* What head ?

*Ioh.* Forked ! A Hart of ten. *Mar.* Hee is good *Venison*,

According to the season i'the blood,

I'll promise all your friends, for whom he fell.

*Ioh.* But at his fall there hap't a chance. *Mar.* Worth marke ?

*Rob.* I ! what was that sweet *Marian* ? *Mar.* You'll not heare ?

*Rob.* I love these interruptions in a Story ; \*

They make it sweeter. *Mar.* You doe know, as soone

As the Assay is taken. \* *Rob.* On my *Marian*.

I did but take the Assay. *Mar.* You stop ones mouth,

440 And yet you bid 'hem speake--when the Arbors made.

*Rob.* Puld downe, and paunch turn'd out. *Mar.* Hee that undoes him ;

Doth cleave the brisket-bone, upon the spoone

\* He kisses  
her.  
\* He kisses  
her againe.  
\* He kisses  
her againe.

+ Requited  
(from a  
bellied  
note - just  
(rob.))

Of which, a little gristle growes, you call it——

*Rob.* the Ravens-bone. *Mar.* Now, ore head sate a Raven !

445 On a sere bough ! a growne great Bird ! and Hoarse !

Who, all the while the Deere was breaking up,  
So crok'd and cry'd for't, as all the hunts-men,  
(Especially old *Scathlocke*) thought it ominous !

Swore it was Mother *Maudlin* ; whom he met,

450 At the Day-dawne ; just as hee rows'd the Deere,

Out of his Laire : but wee made shift to run him

Off his foure leggs, and sunke him e're wee left.

Is the Deere come ? *Scat.* Hee lies within ô the dresser !

*Mar.* Will you goe see him *Mellifleur* ? *Mel.* I attend you.

455 *Mar.* Come *Amie*, you'll goe with us ? *Am.* I am not well.

*Lio.* Shee's sick o' the yong Shep'ard that bekist her.

*Mar.* Friend, cheare your friends up, wee will eate him merrily.

*Alk.* Saw you the Raven, Friend ? *Scat.* I, qu'ha suld let me ?

I suld be afraid ô you sir suld I ? *Clar.* Hunts-man !

460 A Dram more of Civilitie would not hurt you ?

*Rob.* Nay, you must give them all their rudenesses ;

They are not else themselves, without their language.

*Alk.* And what do you thinke of her ? *Scat.* As of a Witch.

They call her a Wise-woman, but I thinke her

465 An arrant Witch. *Cla.* And wherefore think you so ?

*Sca.* Because, I saw her since, broiling the bone

Was cast her at the Quarrie. *Alk.* Where saw you her ?

*Sca.* I' the Chimley nuik, within : shee's there, now. *Rob. Marian !*

Fixing it  
Rustic  
class in  
its language.  
Mans Rob.  
Mans

# ACT I. SCENE VII.

To them

*Marian.*

Your Hunt holds in his tale, still ; and tells more !

470 *Mar.* My Hunt ? what tale ? *Rob.* How ! cloudie, *Marian !*

What looke is this ? *Mar.* A fit one, Sir, for you.

Hand off rude Ranger ! Sirrah, get you in

And beare the Venison hence. It is too good

For these course rustick mouthes that cannot open,

475 Or spend a thanke for't. A starv'd Muttons carkasse

Would better fit their palates. See it carried

To Mother *Maudlins*, whom you call the Witch, Sir.

Tell her I sent it to make merrie with,

Shee'll turne us thanks at least ! why stand'st thou, Groome ?

480 *Rob.* I wonder he can move ! that hee's not fix'd !

If that his feeling be the same with mine !

I dare not trust the faith of mine owne senses.

I feare mine eyes, and eares ! this is not *Marian !*

Nor am I *Robin-hood* ! I pray you aske her !

485 Aske her good Shep'ards ! aske her all for me ;

Or rather aske your selves, if shee be shee ;

Or I, be I. *Mar*

To Scath-  
lock.

Beautified Marian  
takes next from  
Shepherd - when  
Beautified shee acts  
like a Lady  
Raised Person  
Diana - Country  
And  
heightening in the  
Country

- And the spi'd Spie, that watch upon my walkes,  
 To informe what Deere I kill, or give away !  
 490 Where ! when ! to whom ! but spie your worst, good Spie !  
 I will dispose of this where least you like !  
 Fall to your cheese-cakes, curdes, and clawted creame,  
 Your fooles, your flaunes ; and of ale a streame  
 To wash it from your livers : straine ewes milke  
 495 Into your Cider sillabubs, and be drunke  
 To him, whose Fleece hath brought the earliest Lambe  
 This yeare ; and weares the Baudrick at your bord !  
 Where you may all goe whistle ; and record  
 This i' your dance : and foot it lustily.  
 Shee leaves them. *Rob.* I pray you friends, doe you heare ? and see, as I doe ?  
 Did the same accents strike your eares ? and objects ?  
 Your eyes, as mine ? *Alk.* Wee taste the same reproches !  
*Lio.* Have seen the changes ! *Rob.* Are wee not all chang'd,  
 Transformed from our selves ? *Lio.* I do not know !  
 505 The best is silence ! *Alk.* And to await the issue.  
*Rob.* The dead, or lazie wait for't : I will find it.

*The Argument of the  
 second ACT.*

- T**He Witch *Maudlin*, having taken the shape of *Marian* to abuse *Robin-hood*, and perplexe his guests, commeth forth with her daughter *Douce*, reporting in what confusion shee hath left them ; defrauded them,  
 510 of their Venison ; made them suspitious each of the other ; but most of all *Robin-hood* so jealous of his *Marian*, as shee hopes no effect of love would ever reconcile them ; glorying so farre in the extent of her mischiefe, as shee confesseth to have surpriz'd *Earine*, strip'd her of her garments, to make her daughter appeare fine, at this feast, in them ; and to have shut the  
 515 maiden up in a tree, as her sonnes prize, if he could winne her ; or his prey, if he would force her. Her Sonne a rude bragging swine'ard, comes to the tree to woo her (his Mother, and Sister stepping aside, to over-heare him) and first boasts his wealth to her, and his possessions ; which move not. Then he presents her guifts, such as himselfe is taken with, but shee  
 520 utterly shoves a scorne, and loathing both of him, and them. His mother is angry, rates him, instructs him what to doe the next time, and persuades her daughter, to show her selfe about the bower : tells, how shee shall know her mother, when she is transformed, by her broidered belt. Meane while the yong sheep'ardes *Amy* being kist by *Karolin*, *Earines* brother,  
 525 before, falls in Love ; but knowes not what Love is : but describes her disease so innocently, that *Marian* pitties her. When *Robin-hood*, and the rest of his Guests invited, enter to *Marian*, upbraiding her with sending away their Venison to Mother *Maudlin* by *Scathlock*, which shee denies ; *Scathlock* affirms it, but seeing his Mistres weep, & to forswear it, begins  
 530 to doubt his owne understanding, rather then affront her farder ; which makes

makes *Robin-hood*, and the rest, to examine themselves better. But *Maudlin* entering like her selfe, the Witch comes to thanke her for her bountie : at which, *Marian* is more angrie, and more denies the deed. *Scathlock* enters, tells he has brought it againe, & delivered it to the Cooke. The Witch is  
 535 inwardly vext, the Venison is so recover'd from her, by the rude Huntsman ; and murmurs, and curses, bewitches the Cooke, mocks poore *Amie*, and the rest, discovereth her ill nature, and is a meane of reconciling them all. For the sage Shepherd, suspecteth her mischeife, if shee be not prevented : and so perswadeth to seize on her. Whereupon *Robin-hood* dis-  
 540 patcheth out his woodmen to hunt, and take her. which ends the Act.

## ACT. II. SCENE. I.

*Maudlin. Douce.*

*Mau.* **H**Ave I not left 'em in a brave confusion ?  
 Amaz'd their expectation ? got their Venison ?  
 Troubled their mirth, and meeting ? made them doubtfull,  
 And jealous of each other ? all distracted ?  
 545 And, i' the close, uncertaine of themselves ?  
 This can your Mother doe my daintie *Douce* !  
 Take anie shape upon her ! and delude  
 The senses, best acquainted with their Owners !  
 The jolly *Robin*, who' hath bid this feast,  
 550 And made this solemne invitation ;  
 I ha' possessed so, with syke dislikes  
 Of his owne *Marian*, that all-bee' he know her,  
 As doth the vouting hart, his venting hind,  
 Hee nère fra' hence, sall neis her i' the wind,  
 555 To his first liking. *Dou.* Did'you so distate him ?

*Mau.* As farre as her proud scorning him, could 'bate  
 Or blunt the edge of any Lovers temper.

*Dou.* But were yee like her mother ? *Mau.* So like *Douce*,  
 As had shee seen me her sel', her sel'had doubted  
 560 Whether had been the liker off the twâ !  
 This can your Mother doe, I tell you Daughter !  
 I ha' but dight yee, yet ; i' the out-dresse ;  
 And 'parraile of *Earine* ! but this raiment,  
 These very weeds, sall make yee, as but comming  
 565 In view or ken of *Aeglamour*, your forme  
 Shall show too slipperie to be look'd upon !  
 And all the Forrest sweare you to be shee !  
 They shall rin after yee, and wage the odds,  
 Upo' their owne deceived sights, yee' are her !  
 570 Whilst shee (poore Lasse) is stock'd up in a tree :  
 Your brother *Lorells* prize ! For so my largesse,  
 Hath lotted her, to be your brothers Mistresse ;  
 Gif shee can be reclaim'd : gif not, his Prey !

T

And

And here he comes, new claithed, like a Prince  
 575 Of Swine'ards ! sike he seemes ! dight i'the spoiles  
 Of those he feedes ! A mightie Lord of Swine !  
 He is command now, to woo. Lets step aside,  
 And heare his love-craft ! See, he opes the dore !  
 And takes her by the hand, and helps her forth !  
 580 This is true court-ship, and becomes his ray.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

*Lorel. Earine. Maudlin. Douce.*

*Lor.* Yee kind to others, but yee coy to mee  
 Deft Mistres ! whiter then the cheese, new prest !  
 Smoother then creame ! and softer then the curds !  
 Why start yee from mee, ere yee heare me tell  
 585 My wooing errand ; and what rents I have ?  
 Large heards, and pastures ! Swine, and Kie, mine owne !  
 And though my na'se be camus'd, my lipps thick,  
 And my chin bristled ! *Pan*, great *Pan*, was such !  
 Who was the chiefe of Heards-men, and our Sire !  
 590 I am na' Fay ! na' Incubus ! na' Changlin !  
 But a good man, that lives o' my awne geere.  
 This house ! these grounds ! this stock is all mine awne !

*Ear.* How better 'twere to mee, this were not knowne !

*Mau.* Shee likes it not : but it is boasted well !

595 *Lor.* An hundred Udders for the payle I have,  
 That gi' mee Milke and Curds, that make mee Cheese  
 To cloy the Mercatts ! twentie swarme of Bees,  
 Whilke (all the Summer) hum about the hive,  
 And bring mee Waxe, and Honey in by live.  
 600 An aged Oake the King of all the field,  
 With a broad Beech there growes afore my dur,  
 That mickell Mast unto the ferme doth yeild.  
 A Chestnut, whilk hath larded money a Swine,  
 Whose skins I weare, to fend me fra the Cold.  
 605 A Poplar greene, and with a kerved Seat,  
 Under whose shade I solace in the heat ;  
 And thence can see gang out, and in, my neat.  
 Twa trilland brookes, each (from his spring) doth meet,  
 And make a river, to refresh my feet :  
 610 In which, each morning ere the Sun doth rise,  
 I look my selfe, and cleare my pleasant eyes,  
 Before I pipe ; For, therein I have skill  
 'Bove other Swine'ards. Bid mee, and I will  
 Straight play to you, and make you melodie.

615 *Ear.* By no meanes. Ah ! to me all minstrelsie  
 Is irksome, as are you. *Lor.* Why scorne you mee ?  
 Because I am a Heards-man, and feed Swine !  
 I am a Lord of other geere ! this fine

Hee drawes  
 out other  
 presents.

Smooth

Smooth Bawsons Cub, the young Grice of a Gray ;  
 620 Twa tynie Urshins, and this Ferret gay.  
*Ear.* Out on 'hem ! what are these ? *Lor.* I give 'hem yee ;  
 As presents Mrs. *Ear.* O, the feind, and thee !  
 Gar take them hence : they fewmand all the claithes,  
 And prick my Coates : hence with 'hem, limmer lowne,  
 625 Thy vermin, and thy selfe, thy selfe art one ;  
 I lock me up. All's well when thou art gone.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Lorel. Maudlin. Douce.*

*Lor.* Did you heare this ? shee wish'd mee at the feind,  
 With all my presents ! *Mau.* A tu luckie end  
 Shee wishend thee, fowle Limmer ! drittie Lowne !  
 630 Gud faith, it duills mee that I am thy Mother !  
 And see, thy Sister scornes thee, for her Brother !  
 Thou woo thy Love ? thy Mistresse ? with twa Hedge-hoggs ?  
 A stinkand brock ? a polcat ? out thou houlet !  
 Thou shoul'dst ha' given her, a Madge-Owle ! and then  
 635 Tho' hadst made a present o' thy selfe, Owle-spiegle !  
*Dou.* Why, Mother, I have heard yee bid to give ;  
 And often, as the Cause calls. *Mau.* I know well,  
 It is a wittie part, sum-times, to give.  
 But what ? to whame ? no monsters ! nor to maidens !  
 640 Hee suld present them with mare pleasand things,  
 Things naturall, and what all wocmen covet  
 To see : the common Parent of us all !  
 Which Maids will twire at, 'tween their fingers, thus !  
 With which his Sire gat him ! Hee's gett another !  
 645 And so beget posteritie upon her !  
 This he should do ! (false Gelden) gang thy gait  
 And du thy turnes, betimes : or, I's gar take  
 Thy new breikes fra' thee, and thy duiblet tu.  
 The Talleur, and the Sowter sall undu'  
 650 All they ha' made ; except thou manlier woo !  
*Dou.* Gud Mother, gif yow chide him, hee 'll du wairs.  
*Mau.* Hang him : I geif him to the Devills eirs.  
 But, yec my *Douce*, I charge yee, shew your sell,  
 Tu all the Sheep'ards, bauldly : gaing amang 'hem.  
 655 Be mickell i' their eye, frequent, and fugeand.  
 And, gif they aske yee of *Earine*,  
 Or of these claithes ; say, that I ga' hem yee,  
 And say no more. I ha' that wark in hand,  
 That web upo' the Luime, sall gar 'hem thinke  
 660 By then, they feelin their owne frights, and feares,  
 I's pu' the world, or Nature, 'bout their eares.  
 But, heare yee *Douce*, bycause, yec may meet mee  
 In mony shapes tu day ; where ere you spie

✓ was uncl...  
 was for the j...  
 Mother's dis...  
 the ...  
 wocmen

*Lorell* goes  
 out.



This browdred belt, with Characters, tis I.  
 665 A Gypsan Ladie, and a right Beldame,  
 Wrought it by Moone-shine for mee, and Star-light,  
 Upo' your Granams grave, that verie night  
 Wee earth'd her, in the shades ; when our Dame *Hecat*,  
 Made it her gaing-night, over the Kirk-yard,  
 670 Withall the barke and parish tykes set at her,  
 While I sate whyrland, of my brasen spindle :  
 At every twisted thrid my rock let flie  
 Unto the sew'ster, who did sit me nigh,  
 Under the towne-turne-pike ; which ran each spell  
 675 She stitched in the worke, and knit it well.  
 See, yee take tent to this, and ken 'your Mother.

## A C T II. S C E N E IV.

*Marian. Mellifleur. Amie.*

*Mar.* How do you sweet *Amie*? yet ? *Mel.* Shee cannot tell,  
 If shee could sleepe, shee saies, shee should do well.  
 Shee feeles a hurt, but where, shee cannot show  
 680 Any least signe, that shee is hurt or no.  
 Her paine's not doubtfull to her ; but the seat  
 Of her paine is. Her thoughts too work, and beat,  
 Opprest with Cares : but why, shee cannot say.  
 All matter of her care is quite away.  
 685 *Mar.* Hath any Vermin broke into your Fold ?  
 Or any rott seiz'd on your flock ? or cold ?  
 Or hath your feighting Ram, burst his hard horne ?  
 Or any Ewe her fleece ? or bag hath torne,  
 My gentle *Amie* ? *Am. Marian*, none of these.  
 690 *Mar.* Ha' you been stung by Wasps, or angry Bees ?  
 Or raz'd with some rude bramble, or rough briar ?  
*Am.* No *Marian* ; my disease is somewhat nigher.  
 I weep, and boile away my Selfe, in teares ;  
 And then my panting heart would dry those feares :  
 695 I burne, though all the Forrest lend a shade ;  
 And freize, though the whole Wood one fire were made. *Mar.* Alas !  
*Am.* I often have been torne with thorne and briar ;  
 Both in the Leg, and Foot, and somewhat higher :  
 Yet gave not then such fearfull shreikes as these. Ah !  
 700 I often have been stung too, with curst Bees ;  
 Yet not remember that I then did quit  
 Either my Companie, or Mirth for it. Ah !  
 And therefore, what it is that I feele now,  
 And know no cause of it, nor where, nor how,  
 705 It entred in mee, nor least print can see,  
 I feele afflicts mee more, then Briar, or Bee. Oh !  
 How often, when the Sun heavens brightest birth  
 Hath with his burning fervour cleft the earth,

Under

- Under a spreading Elme, or Oake, hard by  
 710 A coole cleare fountaine, could I sleeping lie  
 Safe from the heate ? but now, no shadie tree,  
 Nor purling brook, can my refreshing bee ?  
 Oft when the medowes, were growne rough with frost,  
 The rivers ice-bound, and their currents lost,  
 715 My thick warme fleece I wore, was my defence  
 Or large good fires, I made, drave winter thence.  
 But now, my whole flocks fells, nor this thick grove,  
 Enflam'd to ashes, can my cold remove.  
 It is a cold, and heat, that doth out-goe  
 720 All sense of Winters, and of Summers so.

Love  
 Supposed  
 best & cold

## ACT II. SCENE V.

*Robin-hood. Clarion. Lionel. Alken.*

- Rob.* O', are you here, my Mistresse ? *Mar.* I my Love !  
 Where should I be, but in my *Robins* armes ?  
 The Sphere which I delight in, so to move ?  
*Rob.* What the rude Ranger ? and spied Spie ? hand off :  
 725 You are for no such rusticks. *Mar.* What meanes this,  
 Thrice worthy *Clarion* ? or wise *Alken* ? know yee ?  
*Rob.* 'Las no, not they ! a poore sterv'd Muttons carkasse  
 Would better fit their palat's, then your Venison.  
*Mar.* What riddle is this ! unfold your selfe, deare *Robin*.  
 730 *Rob.* You ha' not sent your Venison hence by *Scathlock*;  
 To Mother *Maudlin* ? *Mar.* I to Mother *Maudlin* ?  
 Will *Scathlock* say so ? *Rob.* Nay, wee will all sweare so.  
 For all did heare it, when you gave the charge so.  
 Both *Clarion*, *Alken*, *Lionel*, my selfe.  
 735 *Mar.* Good honest Shep'ards, Masters of your flocks,  
 Simple, and vertuous men, no others hirelings ;  
 Be not you made to speake against your Conscience,  
 That which may soile the truth. I send the Venison  
 Away ? by *Scathlock* ? and to mother *Maudlin* ?  
 740 I came to shew it here, to *Mellifleur*,  
 I doe confesse ; but *Amies* falling ill,  
 Did put us of it : Since wee imploied our selves  
 In comforting of her. O', here he is !  
 Did I, Sir, bid you beare away the Venison,  
 745 To mother *Maudlin* ? *Sca.* I gud faith, Madam,  
 Did you, and I ha' done it. *Mar.* What ha' you done ?  
*Sca.* Obey'd your hests, Madam ; done your Commaunds.  
*Mar.* Done my Commaunds, dull groome ? Fetch it againe  
 Or kennel with the hounds. Are these the Arts  
 750 *Robin*, you read your rude ones o'the wood,  
 To countenance your quarrells, and mistakings ?  
 Or are the sports to entertaine your friends  
 Those formed jealousies ? Aske of *Mellifleur*,

Shee seing  
 him, runs to  
 imbrace him.  
 He puts her  
 back.

*Scathlock*, en-  
 ters.

If

- If I were ever from her, here, or *Amie*,  
 755 Since I came in with them ; or saw this *Scathlock*,  
 Since I related to you his tale, o' the Raven ?  
*Scathlock* goes out. *Sca.* I, say you so ? *Mel.* Shee never left my side  
 Since I came in, here, nor I hers. *Cla.* This 's strange !  
 Our best of Senses were deceiv'd, our eyes, then !  
 760 *Lio.* And eares too. *Mar.* What you have concluded on,  
 Make good I pray you. *Am.* O' my heart, my heart !  
*Mar.* My heart it is, is wounded prettie *Amie* ;  
 Report not you your greifes : I'll tell for all.  
*Mel.* Some body is to blame, there is a fault.  
 765 *Mar.* Try if you can take rest. A little slumber  
 Will much refresh you (*Amie*). *Alk.* What's her greif ?  
*Mar.* Shee does not know : and therein shee is happie.

## ACT II. SCENE VI.

To them

*John, Maudlin, and Scathlock after.*

- Joh.* Here's Mother *Maudlin* come to give you thanks,  
 Madam, for some late guift, shee hath receiv'd——  
 770 Which shee's not worthie of, shee saies, but crakes,  
 And wonders of it ; hoppes about the house ;  
 Shee daunceth. Transported with the joy. *Mau.* Send mee a Stagge !  
 A whole Stagge, Madam ! and so fat a Deere !  
 So fairelie hunted, and at such a time too !  
 775 When all your freinds were here ! *Rob.* Do you mark this, *Clarion* ?  
 Her owne acknowledgement ? *Mau.* 'Twas such a bountie  
 And honour done to your poore Bedes-woman,  
 I know not how to owe it, but to thanke you.  
 And that I come to du : I shall goe round,  
 Shee turnes round, till shee falls. And giddie with the toy of the good turne.  
 Looke out, looke out, gay folke about,  
 And see mee spin ; the ring I'am in  
 Of mirth, & glee, with thanks for fee  
 The heart putts on, for th' Venison  
 785 My Lady sent, which shall be spent  
 In draughts of Wine, to fume up fine  
 Into the braine, and downe againe  
 Fall in a Swoune, upo' the growne.  
*Rob.* Look to her, shee is mad. *Mau.* My Son hath sent you  
 790 A pott of Strawberries, gather'd i' the wood  
 (His Hogs would els have rooted up, or trod)  
 With a choice dish of wildings here, to scald  
 And mingle with your Creame. *Mar.* Thank you good *Maudlin*,  
 And thanke your Sonne. Go, beare 'hem in to *Much*  
 795 Th' Acater, let him thanke her. Surelie, Mother  
 You were mistaken, or my Woodmen more,  
 Or most my selfe, to send you all our store  
 Of Venison, hunted for our selves, this day !

You

You will not take it, Mother, I dare say,  
 800 If wee'lld intreat you ; when you know our ghests :  
 Red Deere is head still of the forrest feasts.  
*Mau.* But I knaw yee, a right free-hearted Ladie,  
 Can spare it out of superfluitie :  
 I have departit it 'mong my poore Neighbours  
 805 To speake your Largesse. *Mar.* I not gave it, Mother ;  
 You have done wrong then : I know how to place  
 My guifts, and where ; and when to find my seasons  
 To give, not throw away my Curtesies.

*Finess*  
*is giving or not.*

*Mau.* Count you this thrown away ? *Mar.* What's ravish'd from mee  
 810 I count it worse ; as stolne : I loose my thanks.  
 But leave this quest : they fit not you. nor mee,  
*Maudlin*, Contentions of this qualitie.

*Q of the*  
*g ft.*

How now ? *Sca.* Your Stag's return'd upon my shoulders,  
 Hee has found his way into the Kitchen againe :

*Scathlock,*  
*enters.*

815 With his two Leggs, If now your Cooke can dresse him ;  
 Slid, I thought the Swine'ard would ha' beat mee,  
 Hee lookes so big ! the sturdie Karle, lewd *Lorel* !

*Mar.* There *Scathlock*, for thy paines, thou hast deserv'd it.

*Mau.* Do you give a thing, and take a thing, Madam ?

820 *Mar.* No, *Maudlin*, you had imparted to your Neighbours ;  
 As much good doo't them : I ha' done no wrong.

*Marian* gives  
 him Gold.

*Mau.*           *The Spit stand still, no Broches turne*  
                   *Before the fire, but let it burne*  
                   *Both sides, and haunches, till the whole*  
                   *Converted be into one Cole.*

The first  
*Charme.*

825 *Cla.* What Devills *Pater noster* mumbles shee ?

*Alk.* Stay, you will heare more of her witcherie

*Mau.*           *The Swilland Dropsie enter in*  
                   *The Lazie Cuke, and swell his skin ;*  
 830               *And the old Mort-mal on his shin*  
                   *Now prick, and itch, withouten blin.*

2.

*Cla.* Speake out Hagge, wee may heare your Devills Mattens.

*Mau.*           *The Pæne, wee call S. Antons fire*  
                   *The Gout, or what wee can desire,*  
 835               *To crampe a Cuke, in every lim,*  
                   *Before they dine, yet ; seize on him.*

3.

*Alk.* A foule ill Spirit hath possessed her.

*Am.* O *Karol*, *Karol*, call him back againe.

*Lio.* Her thoughts do worke upon her, in her slumber.

840 And may expresse some part of her disease.

*Rob.* Observe, and marke, but trouble not her ease.

*Am.* O', ô. *Mar.* How is't *Amie* ? *Mel.* Wherefore start you ?

*Am.* O' *Karol*, he is faire, and sweet. *Mau.* What then ?

Are there not flowers as sweet, and faire, as men ?

845 The Lillie is faire ! and Rose is sweet ! *Am.* I', so !

Let all the Roses, and the Lillies goe :

*Karol* is only faire to mee ! *Mar.* And why ?

*Am.* Alas for *Karol*, *Marian*, I could die.

*Karol*

- Karol.* He singeth sweetly too ! *Mau.* What then ?  
 850 Are there not Birds sing sweeter farre, then Men ?  
*Am.* I grant the Linet, Larke, and Bul-finch sing,  
 But best, the deare, good Angell of the Spring,  
 The Nightingale. *Mau.* Then why ? then why, alone,  
 Should his notes please you ? *Am.* I not long ago  
 855 Tooke a delight, with wanton kidds to play,  
 And sport with little Lambes a Summers Day !  
 And view their friskes ! me thought it was a sight  
 Of joy, to see my two brave Rammes to fight !  
 Now *Karol*, onely, all delight doth move !  
 860 All that is *Karol*, *Karol* I approve !  
 This verie morning, but-- (I did bestow  
 ✓ (It was a little 'gainst my will, I know)  
 A single kisse, upon the seelie Swaine,  
 And now I wish that verie kisse againe.  
 865 His lip is softer, sweeter then the Rose  
 His mouth, and tongue with dropping honey flowes.  
 The relish of it was a pleasing thing.  
*Mau.* Yet like the Bees it had a little sting.  
*Am.* And sunke, and sticks yet in my marrow deepe  
 870 And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keepe.  
*Mar.* Alas, how innocent her Storie is !  
*Am.* I doe remember, *Marian*, I have oft  
 With pleasure kist my Lambes, and Puppies, soft,  
 And once a daintie fine Roe-fawne I had,  
 875 Of whose out-skiping bounds, I was as glad  
 As of my health : and him I oft would kisse :  
 Yet had his, no such sting, or paine, as this.  
 They never prick't or hurt my heart. And, for  
 They were so blunt, and dull, I wish no more.  
 880 But this, that hurtes, and prickes doth please ; This sweet,  
 Mingled with sower, I wish againe to meet :  
 And that delay, mee thinks, most tedious is  
 That keeps, or hinders mee of *Karols* kisse.  
*Mar.* Wee'll send for him sweet *Amie*, to come to you.  
*Mau.* But, I will keepe him of if Charmes will doe it.  
*Cl.* Doe you marke the murmuring hagge, how shee doth mutter ?  
*Rob.* I like her not. And lesse her manners now.  
*Alk.* Shee is a shrewd deformed peice, I vow.  
*Lio.* As crooked as her bodie. *Rob.* I beleeve  
 890 Shee can take any Shape ; as *Scathlock* saies.  
*Alk.* Shee may deceive the Sense, but really  
 Shee cannot change her selfe. *Rob.* Would I could see her,  
 Once more in *Marians* forme ! for I am certaine  
 Now, it was shee abus'd us ; as I think  
 895 My *Marian*, and my Love, now, innocent :  
 Which faith I seale unto her, with this kisse,  
 And call you all to witnesse of my pennance.  
*Alk.* It was beleiv'd before, but now confirm'd,

Shee goes  
murmuring  
out.

That

That wee have seen the Monster.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

To them

*Tuck. John. Much. Scarlet.*

*Tuc.* Heare you how

- 900 Poore *Tom*, the Cooke, is taken ! All his joynts  
Do crack, as if his Limbes were tied with points :  
His whole frame slackens ; and a kind of rack  
Runs downe along the Spondylls of his back ;  
A Gowt, or Crampe, now seizeth on his head,  
905 Then falls into his feet ; his knees are lead ;  
And he can stirre his either hand, no more  
Then a dead stumpe, to his office, as before.  
*Alk.* Hee is bewitched. *Cla.* This is an Argument  
Both of her malice, and her power, wee see.  
910 *Alk.* Shee must by some device restrained bee,  
Or shee'll goe farre in mischief. *Rob.* Advise how,  
Sage Shep'ard, wee shall put it straight in practice.  
*Alk.* Send forth your woodmen, then, into the walkes,  
Or let'em prick her footing hence ; A Witch  
915 Is sure a Creature of Melancholy,  
And will be found, or sitting in her fourme,  
Or els, at releife, like a Hare. *Cla.* You speake  
*Alken*, as if you knew the sport of Witch-hunting,  
Or starting of a Hag. *Rob.* Go sirs about it,  
920 Take *George* here with you, he can helpe to find her ;  
Leave *Tuck*, and *Much* behind to dresse the Dinner,  
I' the Cookes stead. *Much.* Wee'll care to get that done.  
*Rob.* Come *Marian*, lets withdraw into the bowre.

Enter *George*  
to the Hunts-  
men ; who by  
themselves  
continue the  
Scene.  
The rest go-  
ing off.

ACT II. SCENE VIII.

*John. Scarlet. Scathlock. George. Alken.*

- Jo.* Rare sport I sweare ! this hunting of the Witch  
925 Will make us. *Scar.* Let's advise upon't, like huntsmen.  
*Geo.* And wee can spie her once, shee is our owne.  
*Sca.* First, think which way shee fourmeth, on what wind :  
Or North, or South. *Geo.* For, as the Shep'ard said,  
A Witch is a kind of Hare. *Scat.* And markes the weather,  
930 As the hare does. *Jo.* Where shall wee hope to find her ?  
*Alk.* I have ask'd leave to assist you, jollie huntsmen,  
If an old Shep'herd may be heard among you ;  
Not jear'd or laugh'd at. *Jo.* Father, you will see  
*Robin-hoods* house-hold, know more Curtesie.  
935 *Scat.* Who scornes at eld, peeles of his owne young haire.  
*Alk.* Yee say right well. Know yee the Witches Dell ?  
*Scar.* No more then I do know the walkes of Hell.

*Alken* re-  
turnes.

*Alk.* Within a gloomie dimble, shee doth dwell  
 Downe in a pitt, ore-growne with brakes and briars.  
 940 Close by the ruines of a shaken Abbey  
 Torne, with an Earth-quake, down unto the ground,  
 'Mongst graves, and grotts, neare an old Charnell house,  
 Where you shall find her sitting in her fourme,  
 As fearfull, and melancholique, as that  
 945 Shee is about ; with Caterpillers kells,  
 And knottie Cobwebs, rounded in with spells ;  
 Thence shee steales forth to releif, in the foggs,  
 And rotten Mistes, upon the fens, and boggs,  
 Downe to the drowned Lands of *Lincolneshire* ;  
 950 To make Ewes cast their Lambs ! Swine eate their Farrow !  
 The House-wifes Tun not worke ! Nor the Milk churne !  
 Writhe Childrens wrists ! and suck their breath in sleepe !  
 Get Vialls of their blood ! And where the Sea  
 Casts up his slimie Owze, search for a weed  
 955 To open locks with, and to rivet Charmes,  
 Planted about her, in the wicked feat,  
 Of all her mischiefes, which are manifold.  
*Jo.* I wonder such a storie could be told,  
 Of her dire deeds. *Geo.* I thought a Witches bankes  
 960 Had inclos'd nothing, but the merrie pranks  
 Of some old woman. *Skar.* Yes, her malice more !  
*Sca.* As it would quickly appeare, had wee the Store  
 Of his Collects. *Geo.* I, this gud learned Man  
 Can speake her right. *Skar.* He knowes, her shifts, and haunts !  
 965 *Alk.* And all her wiles, and turnes. The venom'd Plants  
 Wherewith shee kill's ! where the sad Mandrake growes,  
 Whose grones are deathfull ! the dead-numming Night-shade !  
 The stupifying Hemlock ! Adders tongue !  
 And Martagan ! the shreikes of lucklesse Owles,  
 970 Wee heare ! and croaking Night-Crowes in the aire !  
 Greene-bellied Snakes ! blew fire-drakes in the skie !  
 And giddie Flitter-mice, with lether wings !  
 The scalie Beetles, with their habergeons,  
 That make a humming Murmur as they flie !  
 975 There, in the stocks of trees, white Faies doe dwell,  
 And span-long Elves, that dance about a poole !  
 With each a little Changeling, in their armes !  
 The airie spirits play with falling starres !  
 And mount the Sphere of fire, to kisse the Moone !  
 980 While, shee sitts reading by the Glow-wormes light,  
 Or rotten wood (o're which the worme hath crept)  
 The banefull scedule of her nocent charmes,  
 And binding Characters, through which shee wounds  
 Her Puppetts, the *Sigilla* of her witch-craft.  
 985 All this I know, and I will find her for you ;  
 And shew you'her sitting in her fourme ; I'll lay  
 My hand upon her ; make her throw her skutt

Along

Along her back, when shee doth start before us.  
 But you must give her Law : and you shall see her  
 10 Make twentie leapes, and doubles ; crosse the pathes,  
 And then squatt downe beside us. *Jo.* Craftie Croane !  
 I long to be at the sport, and to report it.  
*Scar.* Wee'll make this hunting of the Witch, as famous,  
 As any other blast of Venerie.  
 15 *Scat.* Hang her foule hagge, shee'll be a stinking Chase !  
 I had rather ha' the hunting of heir heyre.  
*Geo.* If wee could come to see her, cry, so haw, once !  
*Alk.* That I doe promise, or I'am no good Hag-finder.

### *The Argument of the third A C T.*

10 **P**uck-hairy disc overs himselfe in the Forrest, and discourseth his offices with their necessities, breifly ; After which, *Douce*, entring in the habit of *Earine*, is persued by *Karol* ; who mistaking her at first to be his Sister, questions her, how shee came by those garments. Shee answers, by her mothers gift. The sad Shepherd comming in the while, shee runs away affrighted, and leaves *Karol*, sodainely ; *Aeglamour* thinking it  
 15 to be *Earines* ghost he saw, falls into a melancholique expression of his phantsie to *Karol*, & questions him sadly about that point, which moves compassion in *Karol* of his mistake still. When *Clarion*, and *Lionell* enter to call *Karol* to *Amie* ; *Karol* reports to them *Aeglamours* passion, with much regret. *Clarion* resolves to seeke him. *Karol* to returne with *Lionell*.  
 20 By the way *Douce*, and her Mother (in the shape of *Marian*) meet them, and would divert them, affirming *Amie* to be recovered, which *Lionell* wondred at to be so soone. *Robin-hood* enters, they tell him the relation of the Witch, thinking her to be *Marian* ; *Robin* suspecting her to be *Maudlin*, lay's hold of her Girdle sodainely, but shee striving to get free, they  
 15 both run out, and he returnes with the belt broken. Shee following in her owne shape, demaunding it, but at a distance, as fearing to be seiz'd upon againe ; and seeing shee cannot recover it, falls into a rage, and cursing, resolving to trust to her old artes, which shee calls her daughter to assist in. The Shepherds content with this discovery, goe home triumphing, make the relation to *Marian*. *Amie* is gladdened with the sight of  
 20 *Karol*, &c. In the meane time enters *Lorel*, with purpose to ravish *Earine*, and calling her forth to that lewd end, he by the hearing of *Clarions* footing, is staid, and forced to commit her hastily to the tree againe, where *Clarion* comming by, and hearing a voyce singing, drawes neere unto it,  
 15 but *Aeglamour* hearing it also, and knowing it to be *Earine's*, falls into a superstitious commendation of it, as being an Angells, and in the aire, when *Clarion* spies a hand put forth from the tree, and makes towards it, leaving *Aeglamour* to his wild phantsie, who quitteth the place, and *Clarion* beginning to court the hand, and make love to it, there ariseth a mist  
 30 sodainely, which, darkning all the place, *Clarion* looseth himselfe, and the



the tree where *Earine* is inclosed, lamenting his misfortune, with the unknowne nimphs miserie. The Aire clearing, enters the Witch, with her Son and Daughter, tells them how shee had caused that late darkenesse, to free *Lorell* from surprisall, and his prey from being reskued from him :  
 1035 bids him looke to her, and lock her up more carefully, and follow her, to assist a work, shee hath in hand, of recovering her lost Girdle ; which shee laments the losse of, with cursings, execrations, wishing confusion to their feast, and meeting : sends her Sonne, and Daughter to gather certaine Simples, for her purpose, and bring them to her Dell. This *Puck*  
 1040 hearing prevents, & shewes her error still. The Hunts-men having found her footing, follow the tract, and prick after her. Shee getts to her Dell, and takes her Forme. Enter, *Alken* has spied her sitting with her Spindle, Threds, and Images. They are eager to seize her presently, but *Alken* perswades them to let her begin her charmes, which they doe. Her Sonne  
 1045 and Daughter come to her, the Hunts-men are afrighted as they see her worke goe forward. And over-hastie to apprehend her, shee escapeth them all, by the helpe and delusions of *Puck*.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Puck-hairy.*

*Puck*  
 He Feind hath much to doe, that keepes a Schoole ;  
 Or is the Father of a familie ;  
 1050 Or governes but a country Academie :  
 His labours must be great, as are his cares,  
 To watch all turnes, and cast how to prevent 'hem.  
 This Dame of mine here, *Maud.* growes high in evill,  
 And thinkes shee doe's all, when 'tis I, her Divell,  
 1055 That both delude her, and must yet protect her :  
 Shee's confident in mischeife, and presumes  
 The changing of her shape will still secure her.  
 But that may faile, and diverse hazards meete  
 Of other consequence, which I must looke to.  
 1060 Not let her be surpriz'd on the first catch.  
 I must goe daunce about the Forrest, now,  
 And firke it like a Goblin, till I find her.  
 Then will my service come worth acceptation ;  
 When not expected of her, when the helpe  
 1065 Meetes the necessity, and both doe kisse  
 'Tis call'd the timing of a dutie, this.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

*Karol. Douce, to them Aeglamour.*

*Kar.* Sure, you are very like her ! I conceiv'd  
 You had been shee, seeing you run afore mee :  
 For such a suite shee made her 'gainst this Feast ;

In

- 1070 In all resemblance, or the verie same;  
 I saw her in it ; had shee liv'd t' enjoy it  
 Shee had been there an acceptable Guest  
 To *Marian*, and the gentle *Robin-hood*,  
 Who are the Crowne, and Ghirland of the Wood.
- 1075 *Dou.* I cannot tell : my Mother gave it mee,  
 And bad mee weare it. *Kar.* Who, the wise good Woman ?  
 Old *Maud.* of *Pappelwicke* ? *Dou.* Yes, this sullen Man.  
 I cannot like him. I must take my leave  
*Aeg.* What said shee to you ? *Kar.* Who ? *Aegl.* *Earine.*
- 1080 I saw her talking with you, or her Ghost ;  
 For shee indeed is drown'd in old *Trents* bottome.  
 Did shee not tell who would ha' pull'd her in ?  
 And had her Maiden-head upon the place ?  
 The rivers brim, the margin of the Flood ?
- 1085 No ground is holie enough, (you know my meaning)  
 Lust is committed in Kings Palaces,  
 And yet their Majesties not violated !  
 No words ! *Car.* How sad, and wild his thoughts are ! gone ?  
*Aeg.* But shee, as chaste, as was her name, *Earine,*
- 090 Dy'd undeflowr'd : and now her sweet soule hovers,  
 Here, in the Aire, above us ; and doth haste  
 To get up to the *Moone*, and *Mercury* ;  
 And whisper *Venus* in her *Orbe* ; then spring  
 Up to old *Saturne*, and come downe by *Mars*,
- 095 Consulting *Jupiter* ; and seate her selfe  
 Just in the midst with *Phæbus* ; tempring all  
 The jarring Spheeres, and giving to the World  
 Againe, his first and tunefull planetting !  
 O' what an age will here be of new concords !
- 100 Delightfull harmonie ! to rock old Sages,  
 Twice infants, in the Cradle o' Speculation,  
 And throw a silence upon all the creatures !  
*Kar.* A Cogitation of the highest rapture !  
*Aegl.* The loudest Seas, and most enraged Windes
- 105 Shall lose their clangor ; Tempest shall grow hoarse ;  
 Loud Thunder dumbe ; and every speece of storme  
 Laid in the lap of listning Nature, husht ;  
 To heare the changed chime of this eighth spheere !  
 Take tent, and harken for it, loose it not.

*Aeglamour*  
 enters, and  
*Douce* goes  
 out.

*Aeglamour*  
 goes out, but  
 comes in  
 againe.

A Mock  
 Return of  
 G.A.

He goes out  
 againe, but  
 returns as  
 soone as be-  
 fore.

ACT III. SCENE III.

*Clarion. Lionell. Karol.*

*Aeglamour*  
 departs.

- 110 *Cla.* O', here is *Karol* ! was not that the sad  
 Shep'erd, slip'd from him ? *Lio.* Yes, I ghesse it was :  
 Who was that left you, *Karol* ? *Kar.* The last man !  
 Whom, wee shall never see himselfe againe ;  
 Or ours, I feare ! He starts away from hand, so,
- 115 And all the touches, or soft stroke of reason !

Yee

- Yee can applie. No Colt is so unbroken !  
 Or hawke yet halfe so haggard, or unmann'd !  
 He takes all toies that his wild phantsy proffers,  
 And flies away with them. He now conceives  
 1120 That my lost Sister, his *Earine*,  
 Is lately turn'd a Sphere amid the seven :  
 And reades a Musique-Lecture to the Planets !  
 And with this thought, hee's run to cal 'hem, Hearers !  
*Cla.* Alas, this is a strayn'd, but innocent phant'sie !  
 1125 I'll follow him, and find him, if I can :  
 Meane time, goe you with *Lionell*, sweet *Karol*,  
 Hee will acquaint you with an accident  
 Which much desires your presence, on the place !

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

*Karol. Lionell.*

- Kar.* What is it, *Lionell*, wherein I may serve you ?  
 1130 Why doe you so survey, and circumscribe mee ?  
 As if you stuck one Eye into my brest,  
 And with the other took my whole dimensions ?  
*Lio.* I wish you had a windo' i' your bosome  
 Or 'i your back : I might look thorough you,  
 1135 And see your in-parts, *Karol*, liver, heart ;  
 For there the seat of *Love* is. Whence the Boy  
 (The winged Archer) hath shott home a shaft  
 Into my sisters brest, the innocent *Amie*,  
 Who now cries out, upon her bed, on *Karol*,  
 1140 Sweet singing *Karol* ! the delicious *Karol* !  
 That kist her like a *Cupid* ! In your eyes,  
 Shee saies, his stand is ! and between your lipp's  
 He runs forth his divisions, to her eares,  
 But will not bide there, 'lesse your selfe do bring'him.  
 1145 Goe with me *Karol*, and bestow a visit  
 In charitie, upon the afflicted Maid,  
 Who pineth with the languor of your love.

To them  
*Maud* and  
*Douce*, but  
*Maud* appea-  
 ring like *Ma-*  
*rian*.

- Mar.* Whither intend you ? *Amy* is recover'd,  
 Feeles no such griefe as shee complain'd of, lately :  
 This Maiden hath been with her from her Mother  
*Maudlin*, the cunning Woman, who hath sent her  
 Herbes for her head, and Simples of that nature,  
 Have wrought upon her a miraculous Cure ;  
 Setled her braine, to all our wish, and wonder !  
 1155 *Lio.* So instantly ? you know, I now but left her,  
 Possess'd with such a fit, almost to'a phrensie ;  
 Your selfe too fear'd her, *Marian* ; and did urge  
 My haste, to seeke out *Karol*, and to bring him.  
*Mar.* I did so. But the skill of that wise woeman  
 And her great charitie of doeing good

Hath

- Hath by the readie hand of this deft lasse  
 Her daughter, wrought effects, beyond beleife,  
 And to astonishment ; wee can but thanke  
 And praise, and be amazed, while wee tell it.
- 1165 *Lio.* 'Tis strange, that any art should so helpe nature  
 In her extremes. *Kar.* Then, it appeares most reall  
 When th'other is deficient. *Rob.* Wherefore, stay you  
 Discoursing here, and haste not with your succours  
 To poore afflicted *Amie*, that so needes them ?
- 1170 *Lio.* Shee is recover'd well, your *Marian* told us  
 But now here : See, shee is return'd t'affirme it !  
*Rob.* My *Marian* ? *Mar.* *Robin-hood* ? Is hee here ? *Rob.* Stay !  
 What was't you ha' told my friend ? *Mar.* Helpe, murder, helpe.  
 You will not rob me Out-law ? Theife, restore
- 1175 My belt that yee have broken ! *Rob.* Yes, come neere,  
*Mau.* Not i' your gripe. *Rob.* Was this the charmed circle ?  
 The Copy that so couzen'd, and deceiv'd us ?  
 I'll carry hence the trophie of your spoiles.  
 My men shall hunt you too upon the start,
- 1180 And course you souldly. *Mau.* I shall make 'hem sport  
 And send some home, without their leggs, or armes.  
 I'll teach 'hem to climbe Stiles, leape Ditches, Ponds,  
 And lie i'the Waters, if they follow mee.  
*Rob.* Out murmuring Hagge. *Mau.* I must use all my powers,
- 1185 Lay all my witts to piecing of this losse.  
 Things run unluckily, Where's my *Puck-hairy* ?

They goe  
out.

Enter *Robin-  
hood*

Enter *Maudl* :  
like *Marian*.  
*Maudl*: espy-  
ing *Robin-  
hood* would  
run out, but  
he staies her  
by the Gir-  
dle, and runs  
in with her.  
He returnes  
with the Gir-  
dle broken,  
and shee in  
her owne  
shape.

ACT III. SCENE V.

*Maud. Puck.*

- Hath he forsooke mee ? *Puc.* At your beck, Madame.  
*Mau.* O *Puck*, my Goblin ! I have lost my belt,  
 The strong theife, *Robin* Out-law, forc'd it from mee.
- 1190 *Puck.* They 'are other Cloudes and blacker threat you, Dame ;  
 You must be wary, and pull in your sailes,  
 And yeeld unto the wether of the tempest.  
 You thinke your power's infinite as your malice ;  
 And would do all your anger prompts you to :
- 1195 But you must wait occasions, and obey them :  
 Saile in an egg-shell, make a straw your mast,  
 A Cobweb all your Cloth, and passe, unseen,  
 Till you have scap'd the rockes that are about you.  
*Mau.* What rock's about mee ? *Puc.* I do love, Madam,
- 1200 To shew you all your dangers, when you are past 'hem.  
 Come, follow mee, I'll once more be your pilot,  
 And you shall thanke mee. *Mau.* Lucky, my lov'd Goblin !  
 Where are you gaang, now ? *Lor.* Unto my tree,  
 To see my Maistres. *Mau.* Gang thy gait, and try
- 1205 Thy turnes, with better luck, or hang thy sel'.

*Lorel* meetes  
her.

*The End.*



APPENDIX

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CONTINUATION  
OF  
BEN JONSON'S  
SAD SHEPHERD

*By*

F. G. WALDRON

1783



# CONTINUATION OF BEN JONSON'S SAD SHEPHERD.

*Enter Lorel to Maudlin.*

*Maud.* **W**HERE are you gaang now?  
*Lor.* Unto my tree,

To see my maistress.

*Maud.* Gang thy gait, and try

5 Thy turns with better luck, or hang thy sel'.

*[Exit Maudlin.]*

*[Herè ends Jonson's Fragment.]*

*Lor.* Tak yè na' tent, gud mother; I's do well

By fair or foul means, Lorel cares na' whilk:

But I's begin as mild as new-drawn milk.

Now come ye forth once mair, coy lass, and see

10 Gin ye will like or scorn my gifts and me.

Gi' me yer hand, as white and soft as wool

Of lambs, or down fra' neath swans' wings we pull:

Sae soft a hand suld ha' as soft a heart;

But yers is hard as rock — we munna' part.

15 Look, I ha' brought ye wildings fra' the wood,

And callow nestlings ta'en while the dam sought food.

*Ear.* Ah, cruel Carle! haste with them back again;

Sure thou delight'st in giving all things pain.

*Lor.* Nay, maistress mine! for tho' I pipe fu' well,

20 Fit for thine ear I canno' sing mysel;

But ye sall hear these sing, gif ye think meet,

Yer praise, deft lass, in chirps and carrols sweet.

And here's a gaudy girlond for yer locks,

Of zellow sun flow'rs, and streak'd hollyhocks.

25 Nay, pu' na' sae, ye sall na' that gait gang;

Come to yon tedded grass wi' me alang:

Or, wi' this osier gyved tul a tree

I's use ye rough; then wise and kinder be.

*Ear.* Who can be kind to such a frightful thing?

30 No longer in my ears your vile suit ding.

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24. *zellow*] *zallow* 1783. — This should have been printed *zellow*, meaning *yellow*; for, thus our ancestors [in Scotland] used the *z*, though they always pronounced the words so spelled as if they had been written with the letter *y*. Callander's note on the word *zellow* in *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, 8<sup>vo</sup>. Edinburgh, 1782, p. 110 & 111 Ver. 5. 'For *zellow*, *zellow* was her heid.' — MS.



Your form, your face, your manners are uncouth;  
 You need not stare, I tell you but the truth.  
 Unlike the peerless swain, young Æglamour;  
 He is my love, my gentle paramour!

35 No other e'er can please Earine;

But least of all mankind, foul Lorel, thee!

*Lor.* Say ye sae, maistress? then, sin' fair words fail,  
 I's try gif foul deeds better will prevail.

But wha comes here? blains, blisters o' their feet!

40 In to the tree agen! — whan next we meet

I's gar ye pay for this — in, scornfu' wretch!

*Ear.* In to my grave with joy to 'scape thy clutch.

[Lorel *shuts her up in the tree again, and goes out.*

Clarion *enters.*

*Clar.* Where hath this love-craz'd shepherd stray'd, I trow?

Alas, poor Æglamour! thou'rt so distraught,

45 I fear thou'lt plunge into the silver Trent,

Hoping to pluck up drown'd Earine;

But, 'stead thereof, lose in't thy wretched self!

Thrice happy they who know not what is love;

For where one shepherd and his true mate find,

50 Like Robin Hood and gentle Marian,

Felicity in love, how many pine

Like heart-struck Amie, and sad Æglamour,

And lovelorn misery for aye endure.

[Earine *sings in the tree.*

#### SONG.

Daughter of Jove! Diana chaste!  
 55 Unto a virgin's rescue haste;  
 And if I never must regain  
 My loving and beloved swain,  
 Bright Goddess of the woods and groves,  
 Pity a maid who purely loves;  
 60 And let me, Dian, follow in thy train!

*Clar.* Whence are those thrilling sweet, and love-sick sounds?

Sure 'tis some near-hand shepherdess' soft strain;

Yet none can I espy — but hither bends

Sad Æglamour —

*Æglamour enters hastily.*

65 *Æg.* \*Earine! where art thou?

From hence the voice came, but she is not here;

Or, if she is, invisible to me,

Enthrall'd in dim-eyed flesh — Earine!

I heard thy angel notes above, around;

\* The ideas, and some of the very words in this speech, are borrowed from Jonson's *Epheme*. See Vol. VII. of his Works, p. 26 and 27. *Whalley's edition*, 1756.

70 Pleas'd echo still reverberates the sound :  
 Thou'rt a bright seraph, hymning thy new birth;  
 I a poor worm, still crawling sad on earth.  
 O gentle spright! late rapt to heav'n so high,  
 Still dost thou deign, pure essence! to come nigh  
 75 Earth's grossness thus? and, for thou see'st us dull,  
 And clogg'd with clay, our souls thou fain would'st pull  
 Forth their frail thralls, by some celestial sleight,  
 And waft them hence to thy own starry height.  
 O, that thou could'st! and my blest soul were free  
 80 To soar, and join the heav'nly choir with thee!  
 It shall be so. — I'll follow thee, bright maid!  
 And be in robes of light like thee array'd!

[Æglamour goes out.

Clar. Alas, fond Shepherd! more and more distract!

[Earine puts her hand through a breach in the tree.

But soft! is it a lily that I see,  
 85 Or something whiter, waving by yon tree?  
 My eyes delude me, or 'tis a fair hand!  
 (Entranc'd with wonder motionless I stand.)  
 With vermeil-tinted finger-tips, it shews  
 Like damask buds, clustring a pallid rose;  
 90 Some gentle hamadryad dwells within;  
 No mortal hand had e'er so white a skin:  
 If to the touch thou'rt palpable, I'll kiss  
 And court thee in an ecstasy of bliss!

[As Clarion runs towards the tree a sudden darkness prevents him.

'Tis lost in darkness! sure 'tis witchcraft all!  
 95 Foul Maudlin holds, I fear, some nymph in thrall;  
 Perchance Earine, we all thought drown'd:  
 O, that she yet may live! and, safely found,  
 Sad Æglamour's pure passion yet be crown'd!  
 I'll seek him first, wise Alken next. — The guest  
 100 So miss'd and mourn'd may still make glad our feast!  
 [Clarion follows Æglamour.

Douce enters.

Dou. 'Tis a gay garment this, and fits me well;  
 When first I wore it, I scarce knew mysel.  
 But now I am us'd to 't, troth, I think't no more  
 Than what I suld ha' had lang time before.  
 105 The shepherds doff their bonnets as I pass,  
 And say, bright Be'voir's maids I a' surpass.  
 In a' the forest there is nane sae sheen  
 As dainty Douce; a very greenwood queen!  
 Compar'd wi' me how like a swine's my brother,  
 110 A' bristled o'er! — but, whist! here comes my mother.

*Maudlin and Lorel enter.*

- Maud.* Still, lubber Lorel, wo't thou waste thy time  
To prate and parley wi' a wench in prime?  
Was't not enow I stock'd her i' the tree,  
Mun I aye tend a heartless lown like thee?  
115 But for the fog I now sae sudden sprad,  
Yer maistress had bin found by yon trim lad.  
Albe ye had her safely in yer grip,  
Ye mak ado as ye were fear'd to clip;  
'Twere right e'en o'er yer lugs yer skin to strip!  
120 Next time ye ha' her i' yer hands, be sure  
Ye waste na' time in wards, but do unto her  
As I ha' tell'd ye.
- Lor.* Stand ye in yon space,  
I's do it now, 'fore yer and Douce's face.
- 125 *Dou.* Troth, I na' like't — gud mother, let me gang;  
Nor 'bide to see him do the maiden wrang.
- Maud.* Ye need na' budge, daft Douce! it can't be now;  
My turn mun needs be serv'd ere theirs, I trow.  
There's other wark in hand — be sure ye keep  
130 Her safe locked up (without a chink to peep  
Till ye come back) within the oaken tree —  
Ye, and yer sister now mun gang wi' me,  
To gather balefu' simples for strong charms,  
To wark my safety, and my foemen harms.
- 135 *Dou.* Mun I dew-dabble, mother, in these claites?  
Let me gang hame, and wrap in fitter swaites;  
Nor, like a may-queen prank'd, a simpling go,  
Lest like a miry muckster I suld shew.
- Maud.* How now! what wards be these? haste! ye were best,  
140 Wi' a' yer might, to do yer mother's hest.  
Sall I by sic a dowdy' as ye be crost,  
Whan I the dearest thing I had ha' lost?
- Lor.* I's gar her gang bilive, ye need na' fear —  
But what is't, mother, ye ha' lost sae dear?
- 145 *Maud.* My magic girdle, ta'en by Robin Hood,  
The cursed outlaw king o' this green wood.  
The spotted pestilence his bow'r surround!  
Murrains and rots his antled herds confound!  
His Marian, yeomen, guests, and self in turn  
150 Pangs, agues, fevers, rack and shake and burn!  
Confusion to their meeting! death and dole  
Attend their feast, and harrow ilka soul!

*[They go, and Puck re-enters.]*

- Puck.* I went before you, Dame, but yet am here —  
Puck can be here, and there, and every where!  
155 Whene'er I please a light and nimble Fairy;  
Anon as sluggish; then I'm call'd Puck-hairy.  
Those I assist, Robin Good-fellow call

- Their friend ; while those I scare Hobgoblin bawl.  
 I am wicked Maud's tame drudge, because I must ;  
 160 And do her hests, altho' I wish her curst.  
 But when my term is ended, which draws nigh,  
 I'll be the beldam's bitterest enemy.  
 Should Douce turn proud, neglectful of the dairy,  
 She shall be pinch'd and hag-rid by Puck-hairy !  
 165 Unto my namesake, Robin, and his love,  
 Fair Marian, Robin Good-fellow I'll prove ;  
 So will I to his guests in Sherwood bow'r,  
 And all his merrymen : to Lorel sour,  
 I'll be a Will o' the wisp, and oft mislead  
 170 His wand'ring steps, 'till in a bog he tread ;  
 Scare him sometimes in shape of wolf or bear,  
 O'er thorns and briars, his brutal flesh to tear.  
 But now to Maud, — she hath not yet got far ;  
 I'll overtake her like a glancing star ! *[Exit.*

SCENE changes to Robin Hood's bower ; Amie  
*reclining on a seat of turf ; Marian and Mellifleur*  
*standing on each side of her.*

- 175 *Am.* No, no, you flatter me, sweet Mellifleur ;  
 And you but mock me, Marian, by my troth :  
 He will not come, alas ! he's gone to fish  
 In Trent's clear stream, where his lov'd sister lies  
 A prey to those he in revenge shall hook.  
 180 But do not touch the finny cannibals,  
 If he should bring them caught, tho' e'er so pure  
 And tempting they appear : 'tis with the flesh,  
 The gorged flesh of drown'd Earine.  
*Mar.* See, gentle Amie, where kind Karol comes,  
 185 With jolly Robin Hood, who blithsome looks ;  
 Cheer up, sweet maid, there's comfort yet in store.  
*Mel.* The courteous Lionel comes with them too.  
 'Would he were coming Mellifleur to woo ! *[Aside.*

Robin Hood, Karolin, and Lionel enter.

- Rob.* Here, my bright Marian, is the magic band,  
 190 With which the hag was girded, when, like you  
 As drop to drop of water, I laid hold,  
 And forc'd her take her own foul shape again :  
 Now is the mystery clear that caus'd our broil ;  
 The only one our loves did e'er yet soil :  
 195 Which nothing short of witchcraft could have done ;  
 Nor shall that more while our lives' currents run.  
*Mar.* If my lov'd Robin 's satisfied, I'm blest ;  
 And thank each chance makes me by thee carest !

173. *Maud,—] Maud* — 1783.  
 188. *woo] wooe* 1783.

174. *Exit.]* Added in MS.

Light griefs make after-joys more bright appear,  
 200 As clouds dispers'd still shew the heav'ns more clear.  
 But here's a gentle maid demands our care ;  
 Tender as buds, as new-blown lilies fair ;  
 Drooping with love, and withering with despair.

*Kar.* Kind Marian, by your leave ; let me desire  
 205 But you, and gallant Robin to retire,  
 With courteous Lionel and Mellifleur ;  
 I will attempt the love-sick maiden's cure.

*Rob.* Come, then, my Marian, let us see all 's set  
 In order for our feast ; I am in thy debt  
 210 A countless sum of kisses for what's past.

*Mar.* I would the payment might for ever last !

[*Robin and Marian retire.*]

*Lio.* Robin and Marian kindly both withdraw,  
 To give my sister and young Karol law.  
 Each dove hath got its mate but you and I ;  
 215 Shall we, sweet Mellifleur, at courtship try ?  
 I' th' rose-and-myrtle grove let us go walk ;  
 And, tho' we woo not, have some pleasant talk.

*Mel.* Each word and look from you I hear and see,  
 Might serve for wooing a soft maid like me.

[*Lionel leads Mellifleur out.*]

*Karoline and Amie remain.*

220 *Kar.* What ails thee, gentle Amie ? what's thy grief ?  
 Look up, sad maid ! I come to bring relief ;  
 What I have gather'd since I have been away,  
 Shall haply be the means thy grief to stay ;  
 Thou lov'st a swain term'd kind ; ah ! sure he ne'er

225 Can but be kind to one so passing fair !  
 One beauteous Virgin of the guests is gone,  
 My drowned sister ! woe enough alone !  
 Let not another droop, whom aught can save  
 From a worst fate, a cold and love-lorn grave !

230 Wilt thou permit me, dearest ! to apply  
 What I think meet, in hope of remedy ?  
 No answer, Amie ? silence is consent ;  
 To press my lips to thine is what I meant.  
 I'll do it chastely as I were thy brother.

[*Kisses her.*]

235 Have I not, sweet ! thou'lt not refuse another ?  
 The Shepherds say my kissing pleas'd you so,  
 That lack of more hath caus'd this loving woe :  
 You prais'd my voice, they say, and chaunted strain ;  
 Will Amie hear her Karol sing again ?

[*Kisses her.*]

205. *But you,*] Query *Both you.* — Ed.  
 216. *woo*] *woo* 1783.

206. *Come,*] *Come* 1783.

219. S.d. *Karoline*] Error for *Karolin* — Ed.

## SONG.

- 240           How sweet the breath of milky kine,  
               And lambkins in the fold ;  
               How sweet the air bland gales refine  
               On upland heath or wold :  
               How sweet the scent of new-mown hay,  
 245           And early-blossom'd grove :  
               But sweeter than the breath of May  
               The balmy breath of love !  
               How sweet the shepherd's pipe of oat,  
               Which dawn of day doth hail ;  
 250           How sweet the merry milk-maid's note  
               When seated by her pail :  
               How sweet the song of lark and thrush,  
               Or voice of cooing dove ;  
               But sweeter 'neath a hawthorn bush,  
 255           The votive voice of love !  
               'Tis an old saw, 'Pity is kin to Love.'  
               That it is true what I now feel doth prove.           *[Aside.*  
               How is my gentle Amie ? speak, dear maid !  
               Thy love to Karolin's with love repaid !           *[Kisses her.*  
 260   *Am.* Oh, I'm in Heav'n, kind Karol ! where's my pain ?  
               'Twas in my heart but now ; 'tis gone again !  
               Oh, magic touch ! thy lips have chas'd all smart,  
               Warm'd my chill veins, and eas'd my love-sick heart.  
               Oh, Karolin ! sweet Karolin ! dear life !  
 265   Wilt thou accept fond Amie for thy wife ?  
               In faith I love thee ! and, tho' maids should hide  
               Such wishes, wish I were kind Karol's bride.  
               *Kar.* I'll plight my troth to thee, but cannot wed  
               Sweet Amie, while in Trent's cold watry bed  
 270   My sister lies ; poor, drown'd Earine !  
               Her beauteous body first I'll thence set free,  
               And lay beneath a holy turf to rest ;  
               Then will we wed, and, blessing, each be blest !  
                                                           *[Exeunt Karolin and Amie.*

*The SCENE changes to a wild part of the Forest.*

*John, Scarlet, Scathlock, and George, enter.*

- John.* This way she went e'en now, and like a hare,  
 275   But swifter.  
           *Scar.* No, no ; it can never be —  
           I'll not believe she so could cheat our eyes,  
           To make us think, while we all look'd on her,  
           We only saw a weak and timorous hare.  
 280   What think you, George ? was it old Maud, or no ?  
           *George.* I know not what to think, but this I'll vouch ;  
           Soon as we saw the witch, John blew his horn,

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281. *I'll vouch*] *I know* 1783.

When sudden she betook her to that brake  
 Whence sprang what ye have all now run in view;  
 285 And while you three pursued the hare-like hag,  
 Each bush around I beat for her in vain.

*Scat.* Troth ye mak mony words, fools as ye are,  
 To stand here splottering till ye lose yer game;  
 'Twas Maudlin, the curst crone, ye mar our sport.

*Alken enters to them.*

290 *Alk.* Well overtaken, friends! I'm out of breath!  
 But I have seen from yon o'erhanging hill,  
 (Whither I went to get protecting herbs)  
 The various process of the witch's wiles,  
 And her familiar's pranks, the goblin Puck;  
 295 Who, tho' he still, perforce, assists the hag,  
 Hath done her sordid son each spiteful turn,  
 As with his sister, Douce, he ranged around  
 Through fenny flats, in search of baleful weeds.  
 Unto the witch's dimble all are gone;  
 300 Foul Maudlin; Douce; and Lorel, scared by Puck:  
 Let us too hasten to the hag's dark dell;  
 My life upon't our hunt shall yet end well.

*[Exeunt Alken and the Woodmen.]*

*The SCENE changes to the Witch's Dimble.*

*Maudlin is seen with her Spindle, Images, &c. &c. &c.*

*Maud.* Here am I safe — were Douce and Lorel come,  
 I'd wark a charm suld strike the curst crew dumb.  
 305 For their affronts I's mak 'em pay fu' dear,  
 And homage me, tho' not for love, through fear.  
 The huntsmen canno', gif they track my way,  
 Be here as yet, mak a' the speed they may —  
 Now for my thred, pins, images of wax,  
 310 To wark them torments wairs than whips or racks.

*[She spins and sings.]*

Around, my wheel; around, around!  
 As fast as foot-board strikes the ground,  
 And keep my spindle turning;  
 I's quickly twine a various thred  
 315 Of black and yellow, blue and red:  
 Then, as their types are burning,  
 Prick'd through wi pins o' rusted steel,  
 Their lives' line running round the reel,  
 My foes wi' pangs be girning!

*[She continues preparing her magical operations.]*

283. *sudden she betook*] *suddenly she took* 1783.

300. *scared*] *scar'd* 1783.

317. *pins*] *Qu ? prins* the Scottish word. — MS.

297. *ranged*] *rang'd* 1783.

311. *Around,*] *Around* 1783.

Alken, John, George, Scarlet, and Scathlock *enter*.

320 *Alk.* See where she sits, foul hag! her shape resum'd,  
In her drear fourm, chaunting some uncouth spell.  
Hold fast your vervain, dill, and mistletoe;  
So shall you safe and all-unseen remain,  
Till we may work the wicked beldam's thrall.

325 *Scat.* Sal I lay grip upo' the wily witch?

*Alk.* No; wait with patience till her charms are done,  
Which cannot hurt as I have counterwork'd;  
Then will we seize her, naked of defence.

*Maud.* Here come my bairns, well stor'd wi' wicked herbs;  
330 The spurs to evil, and o' gud the curbs.

*Douce and Lorel enter.*

Now quick relate what ye ha' carefu' sought.  
What ha' ye mist? what ha' ye heedfu' brought?  
Lorel's o'er-breath'd; say what ha' ye, first, Douce?

*Dou.* Wi' a canker'd herdsman soon as I made truce,  
335 I got some wool fra' a coal-black lamb's back.

*Maud.* Out, dunce! it is the blood, not wool, I lack.  
What ha' ye else? produce a' in a crack.

*Dou.* I ha' brought besides each harmfu' plant ye use,  
Whan mankind or their beasts ye wald abuse.

340 False-smiling crow-foot, savin, and snake-root;  
Moon-wort, and bane-wort, wolf and hen-bane both;  
Either to lack methought ye wald be loth —  
Hemlock, and deadly-night-shade; cypress; yew;  
Which, as ye see, a' dropping poisonous dew,  
345 O'er the dank grave of a self-murderer grew.

*Maud.* These are but nosegays to my venom'd spite.  
Now, Lorel, say, on what did ye alight?

*Lor.* By some thwart fiend I was misled and scared,  
Sae in my errand I but scantily fared;  
350 And only here and there pick'd up a bit.  
Here's fernseed, paddock-rude, and cuckow-spit;  
An unbroke bag of vipers; slow-worm; newt;  
An o'ergorg'd spider; rat's-tail; swan's black foot.  
And see too, mother, what I (lucky) found —

355 A jellied star, dropt yesternight to ground —  
I guess'd it might be potent in yer craft,  
Sae brocht it; tho' my sister at me laught.  
I spied an adder sucking o' kie's teat\*;  
I pu'd it thrice by th' tail, but 'twoud na' quit —

360 I cut off's head which still clung fast to suck,  
And brought the body to ye; but, best luck!  
Sprad in a spongy fungus' fewmand shade,  
This swell'n and speckle-bellied toad was laid,  
Surcharg'd wi' venom, whilk his bowels brast,

\* Kie is here intended to mean cow, in the singular; but it is really the old plural, being only a variation of dialect for kine, cows.



365 And on his back the ranc'rous reptile cast.

A' these I ha' brought ye, mother; and had more,  
But that some fiend (I tell'd ye) scared me sore.

*Maud.* Ye 'are daft as Douce, what fiend I trow suld scare  
My bairns, when potent Maud and Puck are near?

370 Now hie ye hence awhile, nor view mine art;  
Nae further in my witcheries ye bear part.

*Lor.* I's to my tree agen; gif stubborn still  
I find the lass, I's force her to my will.

*Dou.* And I's gae proyn me new, wi' mickle pains,  
375 Then proudly prance amang the shepherd swains.

[*Lorel and Douce depart.*]

*Maud.* Ho! goblin Puck! come at yer dame's desire.

*Puck enters.*

*Puck.* Here am I, dame! what now doth Maud require?  
My service almost draweth to an end —  
In what shall Puck his last assistance lend?

380 *Maud.* This is nae time to talk — fa' to, stout drudge!  
And aid yer mistress wreak the rankled grudge  
She bears to Robin Out-law, and his crew —  
Scathlock first anger'd me, he first sal rue!  
Here are the images of a' my foes;

385 What's done to them sal cause their like like woes.  
For taking back the venison, (come! begin!)  
Into the heart of Scathlock run this pin.

*Scat.* Hold, damned hell-cat! or, wi' sharpen'd knife,  
I's rid the world o' sic a sinfu' life!

390 *Maud.* Whase voice is that? help, Puck! my spells are cross'd!

*Puck.* Hence, dame! forego your purpose, or you're lost!  
Your foes are here invisible; aroint!

Their scheme to trap you now I'll disappoint.  
Which service ends my thralldom! vanish strait

395 Leaving your shade whereon to wreak their hate.

*Maud.* Follow! I go. —

*Puck.* Rise, shadow! substance, down!

*Maud.* The witch's curse remain! hang, stab or drown!

[*Puck and Maudlin sink with a strange noise;  
a phantom like the witch rises in her stead,  
grinning at the huntsmen: they strike at it,  
and it disappears, leaving them in confusion.*]

*Scat.* Where's Maud?

400 *John.* She sunk!

*Scar.* She 'rose again!

*Geo.* She's gone!

*Alk.* Oh, your impatience has my scheme o'erthrown!

If you had silent waited till each charm

405 She' had, harmless, practis'd, nor giv'n this alarm;

377. *am I*] *I am* 1783.

387. *pin*] *Qu ? prin.* — MS.

396. *Follow! I go. —*] *Now then I go.* 1783.

We should have ta'en her, maugre all her art,  
 And strait consign'd her to the pool or cart !  
 But o'er her goblin since she' hath no more pow'r,  
 I'll end her witcheries this very hour.  
 410 Come, let's about it, ere the day grow late ;  
 Then to our friends this magic tale relate. [Exeunt.

*End of the Third Act.*

#### ACT IV.

Scene, Robin's Bower.

Robin, Marian, Lionel, and Mellifleur enter, meeting  
 Karolin and Amie.

*Rob.* Welcome once more, thou gentle, love-sick maid !  
 Welcome, kind Karolin ! most rightly nam'd  
 I see by Amie's love-delighted eye.  
 415 Sure such a threave of mildly-moulded swains  
 In blissful Arcady did never dwell !  
 Let us not then repine, for we are plac'd  
 In Albion's colder clime ; not all the frost  
 Her icyst winters glaze our streams withal,  
 420 Hath pow'r to chill the bosom of her sons ;  
 Wherein love's fire maintains such constant heat,  
 That an eternal fervid summer reigns !  
*Kar.* So much I feel its force, while this fair sun  
 Sheds her bright beams, infusing kindly warmth,  
 425 Nor age nor winter e'er can freeze my veins ;  
 But youth and spring-time, ever fresh and new,  
 Shall keep my love still in its bud and bloom !  
*Mar.* You need no tongue t'interpret for your eyes ;  
 Yet say, fond Amie, art thou bless'd indeed ?  
 430 *Am.* So bless'd, so highly bless'd, oh Marian !  
 That to be queen of all the region round,  
 Or the whole peopled world, were bliss far short  
 Of the possessing kindest Karol's love !  
*Rob.* Fairly confess'd ; may you be ever thus !  
 435 And all that visit this my greenwood bower !  
 Hither I came, foregoing pomp and state,  
 In search of happiness so rarely found.  
 Here in these sylvan shades (oh blissful seat !)  
 Unenvied and unenvying, we abide  
 440 The change of seasons, and the lapse of time ;  
 For healthful exercise, and needful food,  
 Through merry Sherwood chase the noble hart :  
 When from his lair, beneath a brake of vert  
 Unharbour'd first by Scathlock, or stout John,

- 445 Sudden he bounds, he flies; ascends the hill,  
 Descends the distant vale; now stops, looks back,  
 And lists if yet secure : the bugle sounds;  
 Again like wind he fleets, as fleet the hounds  
 Pursue; they strain, they pant; till, nearly spent,  
 450 We slip our strong relays : then what a sound,  
 When in full cry the treble, counter, base  
 O' th' tuneful pack, in perfect harmony,  
 Ring through the azure vault of smiling heav'n!  
 Whose echo with the concert keeps true time;  
 455 While the spheres listen to the envied chime!  
*Lio.* Renowned hunter; gallant Robin Hood!  
 Thy bow'r, thy sports, thy manners please so well,  
 A bowman with thee, I, content, could dwell!  
*Mel.* Ah me! is this the love I fondly dream'd  
 460 He bare to me? 'would it had not so seem'd!  
*Mar.* Sweet Mellifleur, why heaves that heart-fetch'd sigh?  
 Amie looks cheerly, thou as thou would'st die;  
 Thou'rt love or planet-struck now; how's the moon;  
*Mel.* Ah me! I fear that I shall sudden swoon!  
 465 *Kar.* Lead her forth, shepherd, into other air;  
 And courteous Lionel, a word i' your ear.  
 Apply your lips to hers, be not afraid;  
 So was your sister cured, so may this maid.  
[Lionel leads Mellifleur out.]
- Rob.* 'Tis as it should be! every man his mate;  
 470 'Twill make our festival the more compleat.  
 Were Clarion return'd, and the sad swain,  
 Craz'd Æglamour, but his right self again,  
 We'd strive forget the shepherdess' late loss  
 I' th' swollen Trent, she strove in vain to cross!  
 475 *Mar.* Look! look! grant heav'n my dazzled eyes see true!  
 Nor that her loss a second time I rue.  
 See where Earine, or else her ghost  
 Approaches, Robin! sure she was not lost.  
*Earine enters, conducted by Alken, John,*  
*Scarlet, Scathlock, and George.*
- It is herself! — this hand is flesh and blood —  
 480 Prais'd be the Gods for this unhop'd-for good!  
 Welcome our mourn'd-for-dead, but living guest.  
*Rob.* Welcome, most beauteous maiden, to our feast!  
 Now shall thy faithful Æglamour be blest.  
*Kar.* O my lov'd sister! do I once more clasp,  
 485 Thy living body in these folding arms!  
*Am.* O joyful sight! now will kind Karol wed.

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445 etc. *Sudden..... secure*]

*Sudden he'll bound, he'll fly; ascend the hill,  
 Descend (that gain'd) the dale; now stop, look back,  
 And list if he's secure* 1783.

448. *fleet*] *Qu ? swift.* — MS.

468. *cured*] *cur'd* 1783.

- Ear.* My Karolin! my brother! and good friends!  
 Where is my Æglamour? my dearest love!  
 Does he yet think on his Earine?
- 490 *Rob.* On nothing else, fair maid! and for thy loss,  
 Drown'd, as we fancied, in the Trent's swift stream,  
 He wanders up and down, all woe-begone;  
 Of sense, almost of life for thee bereft!  
 But Clarion, who doth careful 'tend his steps,  
 495 Shall strait conduct him to this blissful bow'r;  
 And soon restore his wits, restoring thee.  
 But say, Earine, where were you hid?  
 And to what chance owe we your presence now?
- Ear.* Please you to speak, brave Bowman! and inform  
 500 From what a dreary prison, and worse dread,  
 Thy prowess freed me.
- John.* Pardon me, fair maid!  
 The tale befits not me; some other speak —  
 Scathlock, George, Scarlet —
- 505 *Scat.* Nay, I's first be hang'd!  
*Geo.* It fits not us to talk.  
*Scar.* We were sore bang'd!
- Rob.* Speak, Alken, then, of all you know hath happ'd,  
*Alk.* First let me briefly tell, we chas'd the witch,  
 510 Old Maudlin, in the shape of a fleet hare,  
 E'en to her fourm; and there had taken her,  
 But for our over-eagerness of sport,  
 Which scared her 'midst her spells and charms; whereon  
 She and her goblin hastily took flight,  
 515 And left us all-bewilder'd and amaz'd.  
 Returning hither we beheld this maid  
 Dragg'd forth a hollow'd tree, by that coarse carle  
 Lewd Lorel, bestial as the swine he feeds;  
 While with pure prayers the spotless virgin call'd  
 520 On Heav'n to shield that honour he assail'd.  
 Who, that humanity or love e'er knew,  
 Beauty distress from aiding could refrain!  
 First Scathlock, with his stout and knotty staff,  
 Aiming a blow, the lubber loud 'gan laugh;  
 525 Strait from his ribs resounded Scathlock's stroke;  
 But, by ill luck, his staff, tho' plant of oak,  
 Snapp'd short: the huntsman thus soon foil'd, retired,  
 As lightning swift, with indignation fir'd,  
 Scarlet flew at him; but, tho' brave and strong,  
 530 The conflict 'twixt them lasted not o'er long;  
 Tripp'd by a stubbed thorn flat on his face,  
 Lorel exulted in th' unearn'd disgrace.  
 Nor better fared stout George, for on the ground  
 (Tho' us'd by dint of strength to pin and pound)  
 535 Hurl'd by the huge hulk, weltering was he found!  
 I trembled for the maiden! three were quell'd;  
 But one remain'd, fit match; me, feeble eld  
 Forbade to hope, altho' my heart were good,



And round her shrivell'd neck an amulet fix'd,  
 (Nought but repentance and pure prayers can loose)  
 That by its hidden virtue will prevent

590 The unwitch'd hag from working future scathe.

*Rob.* In all things well and wisely hast thou done.

But why comes Mellifleur in tears, I trow ?

Will Lionel no kindness to her shew ?

*Mellifleur enters.*

*Mel.* Mourn, mourn, you gentle train ! now all is done.

595 Forth from this festal unto dark shades run,

And wail the woful'st chance our plains e'er knew !

*Mar.* What chance, sweet maid ? say what, and whence it grew ?

*Mel.* When late young Lionel, the courteous swain,

Hence led me to repeat an amorous strain ;

600 From Trent-ward o'er the meads at distance we

Beheld a shepherd, bearing o'er the lea

A drowned corse ; when Lionel swift ran,

To help the living bear the lifeless man,

Dead Æglamour !

605 *Ear.* Ha ! dead !

*Mel.* Earine !

Is't her, or is't her shade, I wond'ring see ?

If her thou art, in vain he sought that death

By which he deem'd his love was reft of breath ;

610 In vain he plung'd him in that watry bed ;

In vain thou live'st, since he, alas, is dead !

*Mar.* See, where the gentle shepherds, sad and slow,

Bear the cold corse ! doth this a festal shew ?

*Kar.* My almost-brother dead !

615 *Am.* And mine !

*Alk.* Poor youth !

Thou diest a martyr to thy love and truth.

*Rob.* Ill-fated shepherd ! in that moment drown'd,

When all thy wishes were so nearly crown'd ;

620 Our festival is to funeral turn'd !

*Ear.* Break, break, poor heart ! soon as thy dead love's mourn'd.

*Clarion and Lionel enter, bearing Æglamour.*

*Clar.* Behold, lamenting friends ! — and oh, sweet maid !

I almost hoped did live — by death low laid

The pride of Be'voir vale !

625 *Lio.* And dost thou live,

Earine ! thy true love's death to grieve ?

*Rob.* Tell briefly, either shepherd, that knows best,

How chanc'd his fate, then bear him to his rest.

*Clar.* Th'unhappy youth late heard a sweet voice sing

630 He thought Earine's ; strait to the spring

612. See] *Lo* 1783.

620. is] *thou'st* 1783.

614. almost-brother] *almost brother* 1783.

- That, circling, rises in the midst of Trent,  
 With fleeting haste to drown with her he went ;  
 Thinking her spirit hover'd in the air,  
 Waiting till his from mortal bonds was clear.
- 635 I follow'd him, and gain'd the river's brink  
 Just as he plung'd ; these eyes beheld him sink !  
 Soon he arose ; as soon he sank again,  
 Mutt'ring Earine ; with stifled pain :  
 A second time, but further from the shore,
- 640 He 'rose ; Earin ! groan'd — I heard no more —  
 The eddy water whirl'd him once more down ;  
 I stood the while agast — a man of stone !  
 As heav'n ordain'd, a third time did he rise,  
 Speechless and senseless ! with distracted cries
- 645 I sprang so near him, that I caught him fast,  
 As he was sinking ; and with utmost haste  
 Swam with my death-like load unto the shore ;  
 Used every means I hoped might life restore ;  
 But, failing, hither straight the body bore.
- 650 *Rob.* Thy pains commend thee, shepherd, tho' in vain ;  
 [As well i' th' water might he still have lain ;]  
 For he is gone, ne'er to revive again !  
*Ear.* No, I'll not weep ! I'll follow calm his bier ;  
 Then die upon his grave without a tear !
- 655 *Rob.* Within, ho ! all whom life and health permit  
 Come forth, to bear this corse in order fit ;  
 Bring too your bugles ; and, good Friar, lend  
 Your pious aid, while sadly we attend,  
 To' inter this dust near holy Reuben's cell ;
- 660 Th' immortal part is flown with saints to dwell !  
 So ! — wind his Mort, with slow and solemn sound ;  
 And sing his Dirge, as we pace toward the ground !  
*[The Friar, &c. having come forth, they carry  
 off Æglamour, singing his Dirge.]*
- Dir.* The chase is o'er, the hart is slain !  
 The gentlest hart that grac'd the plain ;
- 665 With breath of bugles sound his knell,  
 Then lay him low in Death's drear dell !
- Nor beauteous form, nor dappled hide,  
 Nor branchy head will long abide ;  
 Nor fleetest foot that scuds the heath,
- 670 Can 'scape the fleeter huntsman, Death.
- The hart is slain ! his faithful deer,  
 In spite of hounds or huntsman near,  
 Despising Death, and all his train,  
 Laments her hart untimely slain !

649. *straight*] *strait* 1783.  
 666, 70, 73, 78. *Death*] *death* 1783.

651. This line is deleted in MS.

675 The chase is o'er, the hart is slain !  
 The gentlest hart that grac'd the plain ;  
 Blow soft your bugles, sound his knell,  
 Then lay him low in Death's drear dell !

Puck *enters*.

*Puck*. My penance done, my toilsome bondage past,  
 680 In which, for impure pranks, I erst was cast,  
 I am free as air ! releas'd from Maud's curst thrall ;  
 Who from her height of power full low doth fall —  
 Wounded by adders, hissing all around,  
 The beldam lies ; with a strong amulet bound  
 685 From harming, or subduing man or beast.  
 Now would I frolick fain at Robin's feast ;  
 But with the drowned shepherd's fate 'tis marr'd :  
 Pity such love should ever be ill-star'd !  
 And yet, perchance, the swain is not quite dead ;  
 690 Methought a gleam of lightning hither sped !  
 There did ! sure token heaven hath bliss in store,  
 And will revive again young Æglamour !  
 No more a witch's goblin and Puck-hairy,  
 But mankind's friend, a pure and gentle fairy,  
 695 The mourning throng invisible I'll join :  
 And, if the least remain of breath divine  
 Infused at first creation, unperceiv'd  
 By mortal senses, (I can't be deceiv'd)  
 I'll shoot from pole to pole, pervade the skies  
 700 For every aid that in immortals lies,  
 Till he to life, and his Earin rise !

[*Exit*.

SCENE, Lorel's Oak.

Lorel *lying on the ground*.

*Lor*. Oh ! I sal ne'er get up again ! my bones  
 Are broken sure ! and I am all o'er bruis'd,  
 As though ten threshers had belabour'd me  
 705 Wi' their stout flails, and beat me to mere chaff !  
 They have ta'en my maistress tu ! (that's warst of all)  
 Though for my mother's help I loud 'gan bawl.  
 Why wald she let 'em ? I remember when  
 A dark'ning fog she rais'd ; and why not then ?  
 710 And why not come to help me ? by her art  
 I suld be heal'd bilive of my sair smart.

Douce *enters*.

Oh, Douce ! kind sister ! see where Lorel lies,  
 Lend me thy help while fra' the earth I rise !  
*Dou*. Ah, Lorel ! brother ! what hath hap'd to thee ?

696. *remain*] *remains* 1783.

701. *and his Earin rise*] *Earine, and bliss arise* 1783.



- 715 My turn is next sure ! nought but misery  
 Can I expect, wi' nought to shield fra' harms ;  
 Nor Lorel's strength, nor Maudlin's potent charms.  
 Our mother's witchcraft arts are from her flown ;  
 I found her helpless, making piteous moan,  
 720 A' stung wi' adders, sought to mak a spell :  
 For cure I led her to the healing-well  
 Of Robin Hood ; fra' which with pain I drew  
 As bout the cross beam twined the hempen clue  
 Water for the 'nonce : then search'd for thee around,  
 725 To bear her home when she has 'swaged each wound.  
*Lor.* Gi' me yer hand, Douce ; gently ! gently ! sae ;  
 Gif I can walk I's to my mother gae,  
 To crave her counsel how to quell the foes,  
 Wha stole my maistress hence, and ga' me blows !  
 730 *Dou.* Whate'er your scathe, or by whoever done.  
 To seek revenge may bring on future ills ;  
 Gud canna' spring fra' evil plain is seen,  
 And evil, tho' compell'd, the doer harms !  
 I ne'er did ill but by my mother forc'd,  
 735 To aid her arts ; yet was I thereby hurt.  
 This garment of Earine's she gave,  
 And bade me wear, did mak me proud o' heart ;  
 Pride's a great sin ; but pale revenge is wairs !  
 I ha' thrown off pride, as I will this gay garb  
 740 Soon as I find the maid escap'd yer tree ;  
 Do ye foregae revenge : a rancrous heart  
 Still i' the end doth punish most itsel.  
 Our mother's witchcraft o'er, she can't compel  
 Us now to evil ; let us, Lorel, strive  
 745 (Sae will yer herds, yer sel, and kindred thrive)  
 Which can excel in gud, as erst in ill ;  
 Brother, I counsel ye, fra' right gud will !  
*Lor.* Well ! lead to Maudlin, while I am in the muid,  
 Wairs I can't thrive suld I turn e'er sae gud ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Robin Hood's *Well*.

*Maudlin, sitting by the well, bathing her wounds.*

- 750 *Maud.* Still mun I bear this torment, wairs than death ;  
 Which I wald willing meet to 'scape sic pangs !  
 Tho' I ha' shook the poisonous reptiles off  
 That clung around my limbs, deaf to my wails  
 [As heav'n or hell, (both oft in vain invok'd)]  
 755 Yet hath their venom rankled sae my veins,  
 That e'en this wond'rous well can nought avail

723. This line is inserted in MS.

746. *excel*] *excell* 1783.

754. This line is deleted in MS.

756. On the healing properties of Wells and Fountains, See 'Observations on  
~~valer~~ *Antiquities* 8<sup>o</sup> 1777 p. 85, 6. — MS.

To gi' me ease, and heal the serpents' wounds :  
 My charms ha' pow'r nae mair, my globin's flown ;  
 And I can only curse, or faintly pray.

*Lorel and Douce enter.*

- 760 *Lor.* How fare ye, mother ? are ye wounded sair ?  
 I am sair bruis'd, and ha' my maistress lost ;  
 A' things gae cross, I think, to wark us ill ;  
 I wanted yer help ; ye meseems, lack mine.  
*Dou.* How now, dear mother ? are yer pains yet gone ?
- 765 *Maud.* Oh, no ! kind Douce ! they harrow e'en my soul !  
 I am sae curst, this till-now-healing well  
 Doth but encrease the pangs it else wa'd cure.  
*Lor.* Troth, mother, I ha' oft heard say, that seld  
 It helps the wicked ; never a foul witch !
- 770 *Maud.* Out on thee, limmer ! what vild wards are these ?  
 Oh ! oh ! again the poison shoots, and stings,  
 And bites, and gnaws, as it wald eat my heart !  
 What sal I do for ease, dear daughter Douce ?  
*Dou.* Alas ! gud mother ! wa'd that I could tell !
- 775 Lorel is used to cope wi' a' the brood  
 O' snakes and taid, in tending o' his herds ;  
 He better kens than I.  
*Maud.* Again they pang !  
 Speak ye bilive, rude Lorel, what did ye
- 780 Whan sic like reptiles harm'd yer swine and kie ?  
 And gif ye ha' love or pity, do't to me !  
*Lor.* Whan cleft-tongued adders stung my bristled swine,  
 I still ha' used to kill the hurten beasts ;  
 Sal we kill ye ? or will ye bide in pain ?
- 785 I ha' lost my knife ! — gif, mother, ye will die,  
 Lend me yer blade or bodkin for the stroke.  
*Dou.* Shame on thee, lown ! gi' o'er sic uncouch speech.  
*Maud.* Ha' ye nae greater feeling ? swineherd ! brute !  
 But wald ye slay your mother, thus oppress'd ?
- 790 Bestir yer lubber limbs, less hurt than mine,  
 And help me to the haly hermit's cell ;  
 Reuben is kind and skilfu' ! — thanks, dear Douce.  
 Ha' mercy, heav'n ! I'll hence forsake my craft,  
 My wiles, my witcheries, and turn to gud ;
- 795 Sae may the ev'ning o' my life be blest,  
 Sae, whan I die, my soul in heav'n may rest !  
*[Lorel and Douce lead Maudlin out.]*

758. *goblin's*] *spirit's* 1783.

766. *well*] *well*, 1783.

767, 74. *wa'd*] *wald* 1783 (and so probably intended in 772 and 789).

781. *pity*,] *pity* 1783.

787. *uncouch*] Probably for *uncouth*. — Ed.

SCENE, *the Entrance to a Hermit's Cell.*Reuben, *a devout Hermit, enters.*

- Reub.* Blest be the hour I left, for this abode,  
 The gaudy world ! here, dedicate to heaven,  
 I pass the evening of my well-spent days ;  
 800 Free from tumultuous cares, fraud, pain, and strife.  
 Here, from my beechen bowl, I drink the stream  
 That, smooth meand'ring, circumscribes my cell ;  
 From cleanly trencher frugal viands eat ;  
 Fresh herbs, stor'd pulse, plants, fruit, or esculent roots.  
 805 Clad in coarse frieze I feel not winter's cold,  
 Which oft-time makes the silk-rob'd worldling shrink ;  
 And in this shade, where airy zephyrs dwell,  
 Am far more free from summer's heat, than those  
 Who pant beneath a proud and gilded dome.  
 810 The mat I wove of rushes, from the brink  
 Of the near brook, that prattling glides away,  
 My nightly couch ; whereon, by soft content  
 And gentle peace embrac'd, I sweetly sleep ;  
 And, ere the day uncloze his golden eye,  
 815 Waking, pour forth my pure heart's orisons ;  
 Then range the dewy meads for heav'n-sent herbs,  
 Of foodful use, or medicinal power ;  
 For self-support, or any need my aid.  
 Thus do I keep my sear leaf ting'd with green ;  
 820 And thus still serving God and man am seen !  
 But cease, my pleasance ; hither bends a train  
 Of nymphs and shepherds, sadly o'er the plain.  
*[Part of the Dirge is heard repeated at a distance.*

- The chase is o'er, the hart is slain,  
 The gentlest hart that grac'd the plain ;  
 825 With breath of bugles sound his knell,  
 Then lay him low in Death's drear dell.

*[Robin Hood, Marian, Friar Tuck, the Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and woodmen (bearing Æglamour) enter in solemn procession.*

- Reub.* What's here ? what's here ? a shepherd's drowned corse !  
 Young Æglamour, the virtuous ! worse and worse !  
 He that came daily, hourly to my cell,  
 830 And by my counsel fram'd his life so well,  
 In goodness as in comeliness t'excel !  
 But vain is praise now — bear him gently in !  
*[They carry Æglamour into the cell ;  
 Marian and the Shepherdesses following,  
 are prevented by Reuben.*

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826. *Death's*] *death's* 1783.

831. *excel*] *excell* 1783.

- Let no more follow ! th'air must be kept thin,  
 And while we try our utmost skill and pow'r  
 835 Again his respiration to restore,  
 Ye females to yon holy grove repair ;  
 There kneel, and heaven implore with hymn and prayer,  
 If he yet live his guiltless life to spare.
- [Reuben goes into the cell, the women remain.]
- Ear.* What said the reverend man ? is he not dead ?  
 840 A clay-cold corse upon the bier laid !  
 Why have they ta'en him hence ? ah, why deprive  
 Me of him the few moments I am alive !  
 My heart soon breaking, we'll together go,  
 Wedded in death, to our bridal bed full low !
- 845 *Mar.* Peace, sad Earine ! with us along ;  
 And heaven address in prayer, and holy song.  
 Reuben spake comfort ; heaven may yet restore  
 The youth who now, like thee, we all deplore !
- Mel.* Come, lovely mourner ! to the holy fane.  
 850 *Am.* Come, beauteous maid ! nor be thy prayers vain.  
*Ear.* Lead on, good Marian ; and, kind-hearted maids,  
 T'implore high heav'n all lend your pious aids ;  
 Haste we to fervent prayer i' th' holy grove —  
 This veil of death, ye sacred powers, remove,
- 855 And raise the youth again to life and love !

[Earine, Marian, &c. go to the Grove.]

*Friar Tuck and the Woodmen return from the Cell.*

- Tuck.* Come, my good fellows all, obey the hest  
 Of holy Reuben ; and, behind this cell  
 Prepare a peaceful grave, I'll consecrate,  
 Should life be flown past power of calling back,  
 860 For the drown'd shepherd ; leaving, the mean time,  
 The hermit, with your master, Robin Hood,  
 And the kind shepherd-swains, t'assay restore  
 To life again the mourned Æglamour.  
 Which should he not effect, 'tis best (he said)
- 865 With all dispatch he in the earth be laid ;  
 Hid from the sight of the lamenting maid.  
*John.* Why, do you think it possible, good Friar,  
 Reuben should bring the dead to life again ?  
*Geo.* Ah, John, that never can be done, I fear.
- 870 *Scar.* An't can, the good old hermit sure will do't.  
*Scat.* An' gif he does, he's a gud man indeed.  
*Tuck.* He is indeed ! a good, a holy man !  
 No world-chas'd libertine, compell'd to fly  
 To unlov'd solitude for life ill spent ;
- 875 No sour, unsocial, man-detester, he,

838. *live*] *lives* 1783.  
 847. *spake*] *spoke* 1783.

840. *bier laid*] Query *bier is laid* — Ed.  
 852. *heav'n all lend*] *heaven lend* 1783.

- Secluded in a lone austerity ;  
 Thinking to purchase heaven by abstinence  
 From what heaven sent, for mankind's moderate use ;  
 Mortification ; penance ; and a train
- 880 Of visionary superstition's bribes  
 For that, which nought but a pure heart can gain :  
 Reuben is none of these ; devoutly vow'd  
 To heaven and God, he's still the friend of man :  
 Delighting in humanity's mild deeds,
- 885 His each humane endeavour still succeeds !  
*John.* You think, then, father Tuck, he'll raise the swain  
*Scat.* Gif so, why suld we dig a needless grave ?  
*Tuck.* Grudge not that little labour ; should it prove  
 A needless one, I think you'll not repine :
- 890 So do it for the reason Reuben gave. —  
 To say he certainly will raise the swain,  
 Because himself is holy, is not fit ;  
 Vainly might I as well presume to say,  
 You still must conquer for that you are strong ;
- 895 Nothing we know's impossible to God !  
 He, if he please, may grant the good man's prayer,  
 Bestow a blessing on his pains and skill,  
 And raise the youth again, now seeming dead ;  
 Who without pains, and skill, and prayers to heaven,
- 900 And heaven's blessing giv'n, were dead indeed !  
 But that a miracle should e'er be work'd  
 To interrupt great nature's settled course,  
 And give a second life to one quite dead,  
 (Unless t' accomplish the designs of God !)
- 905 Were childish to expect ; weak to believe ;  
 And derogates from heaven's wise providence !  
*John.* Thanks, gentle friar ! you have, as you are wont,  
 Expounded to us all so plain and clear,  
 A child might understand. I have heard divines
- 910 At Wakefield, Hereford, and Nottingham,  
 So preach, perplex and pother with a text ;  
 That not their hearers only, wise or learn'd,  
 But e'en themselves were so bewilder'd oft,  
 They seem'd like men lost in a labyrinth's maze ;
- 915 And stray'd the more, the more they strove t'escape  
 (Wanting the clue of sense to guide them right)  
 The intricate, obscure, and puzzling path.  
*Scat.* Mass ! John, that's true ; and therefore seld went I  
 To church to hear what none could understand.
- 920 *Scar.* Come then ; now father Tuck has well explain'd  
 These matters, let's about the shepherd's grave.  
 May heaven and Reuben's skill him from it save !  
 Hold ; hither come the wicked beldam, Maud ;  
 daughter ; what brings them here trow ?  
 he but still a witch, (for Alken says  
 t is done, her goblin flown)  
 il gud Reuben sal essay,

She might ca' back the dead man's sprite wi' charms.

*Tuck.* No, Scathlock, no ! think not those leagued with hell  
 930 Can e'er that good atchieve, which pious prayers  
 And heaven's high pleasure do not bring to pass.

*Maudlin, Douce, and Lorel enter.*

*Lor.* Mother, gae back ! for yonder's little John,  
 Wha sae belabour'd me I scant can crawl ;  
 Belike again he'll beat me gif I stay !

935 *Maud.* See ye na' father Tuck ? nae harm can hap  
 While he is present — On her knees, gud friar,  
 Behold a wretched eld, whase wicked life  
 Has made her th' outcast and hate o' the warld :  
 Forgi' me, haly friar ! and ye, gud men,  
 940 Wham I ha' oft offended, oh, forgi'  
 A helpless, harmless, and repentant wretch,  
 Wha ne'er will injure ye or yer's agen !

*Tuck.* If, as you say, you do repent your crimes,  
 And ne'er will practise your vile arts again,  
 945 I'll answer for these honest-hearted men,  
 As well as for myself, your pardon strait.  
 But say, what brings you here ? we are busy now.  
 And, oh ! (I grieve t' upbraid, forgiveness pass'd.)  
 You were the cause of what employs our cares !

950 Had not rude Lorel, aided by your arts,  
 Conceal'd Earine, young Æglamour,  
 Who thought her dead, had not now lain a corse,  
 A drowned corse, in holy Reuben's cell.

*Dou.* O piteous tidings ! is the shepherd drown'd !

55 *Maud.* Ha' mercy, heaven ! nor let the innocent's death  
 Be added to my countless, heinous crimes !  
 Haste me, an't be yer will, gud reverend friar !  
 To where he lies. Tho' I ha' left my arts,  
 My wicked anes, yet I possess gud skill  
 50 And knowledge in what's fitting to be done  
 In sic like scathes ; O, let me help atone,  
 Gif in my power, for my ill-doing past :  
 Perchance the haly hermit then will try,  
 To gar the pangs I now endure to cease ;  
 65 And I my better days may end in peace !

*Tuck.* If thou'rt sincere, come with me to the cell ;  
 Meantime, good fellows, do as was desir'd :  
 That, if all pains, and skill, and prayers should fail  
 To raise the youth ; according to the hest  
 70 Of holy Reuben he be laid to rest !

[*Friar Tuck and Maudlin go into the cell.*]

*Lor.* Come, Douce, wi' me, I am afeard to stay,  
 Bruis'd as I am, t' endure another fray ;  
 Suld John there force me wi' him now to fight,  
 Like Æglamour I's bid the warld gud night !  
 75 *Dou.* I's gae lest they suld wreak on me their spite.

[*Lorel and Douce go out.*]

*Scat.* The sturdy Lorel scouls, and gangs his gate ;  
He fears to bide, and swagger, as o' late.

*John.* 'Tis a mere savage, and beneath our thought ;  
Come, now let's to our task ; and, ere 'tis wrought,  
980 Good Reuben's heaven-bless'd skill I pray make vain,  
Our labour. by reviving the young swain ! [*Exeunt.*

*End of the Fourth Act.*

## ACT V.

*SCENE a Grove, with an Altar.*

*Earine, Marian, Amie, and Mellifleur kneeling at the  
Altar. Earine rises.*

*Ear.* Thanks ! thanks ! good Marian ! and, like me, pure maids !  
Such fervent prayers sure will not be in vain.

[*The rest rise.*

But, to leave nought untried, as Reuben bade,  
985 In hymns and carols pour we praises forth,  
And woo with melody the heavenly throne !

*Earine sings.*

O God ! throughout whose works divine,  
Such beauty, harmony combine !  
By chiming spheres  
990 Who metest years,  
And months, and days !  
O hear us praise  
That wond'rous concord which in all doth shine !

May no discordance here be found !  
995 Let nought but harmony abound !  
O raise the swain  
Whose loss our strain  
With discord jars ;  
Our festal mars !  
1000 Raise him for whom the groves with grief resound !

*Maudlin and Douce enter.*

*Maud.* O haly man ! blest hermit ! wi' what skill  
Hast thou remov'd the vip'rous pangs I felt !  
Lead me, my Douce, unto the altar's foot ;  
That I may thank my God, as Reuben bade.  
1005 *Ear.* Ha ! hither bends the canker'd beldam, Maud !  
From whose brute son I but erewhile escap'd —  
Haste ! fly ! or we shall quick be made her thralls.

986. *woo*] *wooe* 1783.

993. *doth shine*] *appears* 1783.

988. *Such perfect harmony doth shine !* 1783.

*Dou.* Fear naething, damsel ! for my mother's chang'd ;  
 Is hither come to praise the gracious Gods,  
 1010 And crave forgi'ness for her wrangs to thee.  
 Mysel am alter'd tu ; late Douce the proud ;  
 But now as humble as the lowliest shrub  
 That bends to heav'n's least breath ! this dainty dress,  
 Yer festal garment, I sal strait restore,  
 1015 Which by my mother's hest till now I wore ;  
 In russet gown and kirtle hence array'd,  
 I's prove a meek and gentle rural maid.

*Maud.* Forgi' me, virgin ! I ha' lang been naught ;  
 And for my ill deeds on my knees am brought.  
 1020 Forgi' me, virgin ! and I's henceforth be  
 As gud, as I till now was ill to thee !

*Ear.* And art thou alter'd, Maudlin ? if thou'rt good,  
 By that same art enthrall'd me in the wood,  
 Oh, raise my love, my Æglamour from death !  
 1025 Your potency can do it with a breath,  
 Yonder he lies, within the hermit's cell ;  
 Restore my love, and all things shall be well.

*Maud.* That is already done.

*Clarion enters.*

*Clar.* Where, where's the maid,  
 1030 Earine ? to Æglamour strait fly —  
 He breathes ; pronounc'd your name ; haste ! to him haste !  
 Convince the still-craz'd shepherd you're alive ;  
 Or, in despair, on self-destruction bent,  
 Again he'll seek you in the silver Trent.  
 1035 *Ear.* Does he then live ? and is my love still true ?  
 Lead, lead me, maidens ! come, good Marian, too !  
 Now all is harmony ! above, around !  
 My shepherd lives ! our loves shall now be crown'd !

[*Exeunt Earine, Mar. Mal. and Amie.*]

*Clarion, Douce, and Maudlin remain.*

*Clar.* Why do not I to Æglamour return ?  
 1040 What holds me here ? with what strange fire I burn !  
 Sure I was blind till now, or now am so —  
 Yon maid has pass'd before me to and fro  
 Oft times to-day, and never mark'd before,  
 But that full proudly still herself she bore :  
 1045 Sure I mistook — she seems a courteous maid —  
 Should I accost her, and with scorn be paid,  
 'Twould grieve me much ; but hence with idle fear !  
 Her kneeling mother left intent on prayer,  
 She this way bends — how fares the gentle Douce ?  
 1050 *Dou.* Ca' ye me sae in sport ? gud shepherd, truce

1038 s.d. *Exeunt... Amie.* Added in MS.

1048. *intent on*] *intention* 1783.

1050. *sport*] *scorn* 1783.



- Wi' sic keen gibes for that I erst was proud,  
 Nor interrupt devotion ; ye're o'er loud :  
 See ye not, swain, my mother kneeling there,  
 Wi' upturn'd eyne, devoutly in her pray'r ?  
 1055 *Clar.* I do, dear Douce ! and I would kneel to thee,  
 Did I not fear, you'd flout my suit and me.  
*Dou.* What suit can Clarion ha' to lówly Douce ?  
 Rich swains ne'er wooe poor maids, but to seduce !  
*Clar.* True I am rich as any shepherd round ;  
 1060 But let not that my honest suit confound.  
 'Tis true I own those fertile vallies green,  
 And thymy downs, where herds and flocks are seen  
 In countless numbers, mine ; by heedful hinds  
 Led to the pastures proper for their kinds ;  
 1065 Their milk made cheese, their snowy fleeces shorn,  
 And to the neighb'ring market duly born,  
 Get me returns of all such town-made geer,  
 As in my farm are needful ; or appear  
 To deck and trim my scarcely-equall'd cot ;  
 1070 Good store of coin besides in chest I have got :  
 True I were rich as any shepherd-swain,  
 If gentle Douce's love I might obtain.  
*Dou.* What are yer fields, yer flocks, yer cot, yer coin  
 To me, rich swain ? had ye o' gold of mine.  
 1075 Sae far fra tempting, it would make me fear  
 A simple wench might buy e'en gold o'er dear.  
*Clar.* But, pretty maid ! did Clarion fairly woo,  
 Proffer to wed, and promise to be true ;  
 Had Douce no other shepherd in her thought,  
 1080 And Clarion she to like perchance were brought,  
 No more ought she object his plenteous store,  
 Than he doth Douce's state, tho' e'er so poor.  
*Dou.* It gars me blush to answer ! but 'tis truth,  
 I ne'er set eyne upon a comelier youth ;  
 1085 Nae other shepherd i' my heart hath place ;  
 Yet I'm na' smitten wi' yer handsome face,  
 Nae mair than wi' yer wealth ; yer speech has most  
 My pleas'd attention (for 'tis sooth) engrost —  
 It shews ye honest, kind, and like to prove,  
 1090 Where e'er ye woo, still constant i' yer love.  
 My mother comes — gif ye indeed mean sooth,  
 Tell her yer tale, her mind is turn'd to reuth.  
*Clar.* Thanks, gentle Douce ! this unaffected leave,  
 (Sure sign of an ingenuous mind) believe,  
 1095 Makes me the happiest shepherd o' the green !  
*Maud.* How am I chang'd fra what o'erlang I ha' been !  
 The wicked fiend possess'd my soul is fled,  
 And a' my thoughts are turn'd to God and gud !

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1056. *flout*] *scorn* 1783.

1077, 90. *wooe*] *wooe* 1783, (and so probably intended in 1058).

- I ha' scap'd the thralldom o' the prince o' hell,  
 1100 To whom for aye I had near sold mysel !  
 Nae mair a witch, but a right honest dame ;  
 And ilka one I meet sal ken the same.  
*Clar.* Good Maudlin, grant a boon, nor say me nay.  
*Maud.* Aught i' my gift, gud shepherd, ask and ha'.  
 1105 But what can sic a poor and outcast wretch  
 Bestow on thee, stor'd swain ?  
*Clar.* Thou are more rich !  
 Owning, in my mind, what o'ervalues all  
 That I, or wealthier swains, our own may call  
 1110 Of herds, or flocks, or cot, or farm, or field ;  
 With all the produce they their owners yield.  
 The charms thou canst bestow —  
*Maud.* Out, out, alas !  
 Nae mair in charms and spells do I surpass ;  
 1115 Nae mair will Maud engage in deeds sae dark —  
 Witchcraft, young shepherd, is the devil's wark !  
*Dou.* Gud mother, ye mistake th' well-meaning swain,  
 He does na' wish ye to turn witch again.  
*Clar.* O, no, good dame ! forefend, high heaven, I shou'd !  
 1120 My wishes, Maudlin, tend to nought but good ;  
 Thine, thy fair daughter's, and in her's too mine :  
 She is the prize for which I throw my line !  
*Maud.* Speak plainer, shepherd, and wi' riddles truce.  
*Clar.* Then in plain terms, I love your daughter Douce.  
 1125 Love reigns around ! hill, dale, cot, greenwood-bower,  
 And their blithe tenants, own his sovereign power !  
 The birds all pair'd make vocal every grove,  
 While to his mate each chearful chaunts his love ;  
 The willing ewes, and wanton rams around,  
 1130 In sportive buttings frolick, mount, and bound ;  
 The heifer feels love's tire, breathes short, and pants ;  
 And to the steer his novel wishes grants :  
 Each shepherd late invited round Sherwood,  
 To the fam'd feast of jolly Robin Hood,  
 1135 Hath chose his buxom bride, hath woo'd and sped,  
 Except myself — let it not, dame, be said,  
 Clarion alone return'd from thence unwed !  
*Maud.* Now I come near ye, and yer meaning take ;  
 And gif ye'll wed my Douce, and ne'er forsake  
 1140 Yer low-born bride for some mair high-bred lass,  
 But hand-in-hand still through life's journey pass,  
 I gi' ye my consent and blessing baith !  
 And, though ye are rich, for dower some fine-spun claithe  
 Bleach'd white as chalky cliffs ; some linsey stuff,  
 1145 For winter coats and kirtles gud enough ;  
 Wi' a few marks o' gold, I ha' sav'd wi' care :  
 This will I gi', and wish that it were mair.  
*Clar.* Talk not of dower, good mother, geer nor gold ;

The truest love is neither bought nor sold !  
 1150 I have enough for both, nor wish that she  
 Should bring or goods or coin for wedding fee ;  
 Bless'd with her love, why need I covet more,  
 And take thy mite t'increase my boundless store ?  
 Rather of me receive the means of life,  
 1155 In gratitude for yielding Douce my wife ;  
 With every filial duty and respect,  
 To shield thy age from want, and rude neglect !

[*Exeunt.*

*The SCENE changes to another part of the Grove.*

*Puck enters.*

*Puck.* How hard to keep frail life's near-fleeting breath  
 Within the bosom of the sad young swain ;  
 1160 Thinking Earine no longer lives  
 To crown his passion, and reward his love !  
 The holy hermit's prayers, and Maudlin's skill,  
 Assisted by the friendly shepherds' pains,  
 With every aid e'en I could minister,  
 1165 Were scarce sufficient to re-animate  
 His death-like form, and cause the stream of life  
 Again to flow through his obstructed veins ;  
 And, when reviv'd, all frantic for the loss  
 (The double loss he call'd it) of the maid  
 1170 He hoped, by quitting life, to find in heaven,  
 How sudden his relapse to seeming death !  
 In which cold trance a second time he lies ;  
 But safe from danger : for Earin's voice,  
 And touch, and breath, shall sweetly woo and win  
 1175 His willing soul, with transport to abide,  
 For her dear sake, soon as he knows she lives,  
 In his fond breast, to life's extremest date !  
 When she hath tried the force, and he hath felt  
 Th' effects (and they are great) of pow'rful love ;  
 1180 I will once more administer what lies  
 In me, to perfect and confirm their bliss !  
 Meantime I will indulge my mirthful bent :  
 In whatsoever sportfull theme occurs —  
 And lo ! here comes rude Lorel, still my butt  
 1185 Of waggery, and whom I joy to jeer.

*Lorel enters.*

*Lor.* The bow-men say that Æglamour 's restor'd !  
 And, 'stead of digging, as was bid, his grave,  
 Are sporting as they list around the cell —  
 Sma' comfort sic like news to Lorel gives !

1149. *nor*] *or* 1783.

1174. *woo*] *wooe* 1783.

1186-8. Language too good. — MS.

- 1190 Who hoped, his hated reuel being dead,  
To ha' without control, Earine.  
*Puck.* What should she, throw, with such a clown as thee?  
Thou have Earine! a swine-herd base  
Of uncouth form, and scarcely human face!  
1195 With pent-house eye-brows, that together join;  
Of sullen churlishness the certain sign:  
A mouth distended e'en from ear to ear;  
Eyes, 'stead of love, inspiring hate and fear!  
Go, 'tend thy swine, nor think of such a maid,  
1200 Who e'en to look at thee is sore afraid.  
*Lor.* What fay-like elf are ye, that mock and flout!  
Were ye Puck-hairy late? thus gay prank'd out.  
Gif that ye were, (as by yer voice and face  
Methinks it seems) and now a sprite o' grace,  
1205 Leave scorning, Robin! nor perplex me mair,  
As whan my mother's simples hame I bare!  
I'm sure 'twas ye that bay'd me like a wolf;  
Then in my footway flamed a fiery gulph!  
A night owl beat her pinions 'gainst my head,  
1210 'Till o' the ground I fell, wi' fright near dead!  
Ye were that owl! and mair to gar me quake,  
Ye twined around my legs like a scaled snake,  
Which when I graspt and strave to loose, strait turn'd  
To red hot iron, and a' my fingers burn'd!  
1215 *Puck.* True, lubber Lorel; and when thou didst spy  
A will-o'-the-whisp, that meteor too was I;  
Which led thee in a quagmire to thy knees:  
I can take any shape, thou know'st, I please.  
When I was vassal to your mother, I  
1220 Could trace earth's utmost limits, now can fly  
Beyond the starry sphere: whence in a thought  
For the drown'd youth e'en now relief I brought;  
My power is mightier than erst was Maud's!  
Observe my silky wings! aërial gauds!  
1225 My coronal, compos'd of lucid beams  
And flow'rets inter-twin'd! which well beseems  
My Iris-robe, with stare and crescents bright  
O'er-studded, darting round a silvery light!  
This my garb now, 'stead of the shaggy vest,  
1230 Wherein Puck-hairy was uncouthly drest.  
Thus chang'd from beldam Maudlin's slavish drudge,  
Nor on vile errands longer forc'd to trudge,  
A spirit pure! I now am prone to good;  
The watchful guardian of this verdant wood!  
1235 Unto the virtuous a firm friend I'll be;  
But, for thou'rt evill, a fear'd foe to thee!  
*Lor.* I prithee be not! and I's try to mend —  
I'th 'stead o' harming, yer assistance lend,

1190. *reuel*] Presumably for *rival*. Possibly *revel* was intended, but compare the spelling *prim* for *preen* in l. 317, note. — Ed.

1216. *meteor too was*] *meteor was* 1783.

- I may reform ; but canno' in a trice  
 1240 Be chang'd a' o'er to gud fra long-lov'd vice !  
*Puck.* Deserve my favour, you shall favour find !  
 Go, shew your mother you're not far behind  
 Herself in reformation ; glad her heart,  
 Which now in goodness takes an unus'd part :  
 1245 Hence, and conduct her to the hermit's cell,  
 Whose reconciliation soon shall make all well.  
*Lor.* Troth, will I ; wi' a score o' thanks to ye !  
 And for yer kindness ye sal ne'er lack fee !  
 Is gi' ye a plump porker, young and fat ;  
 1250 Or the tithe-pig, 'stead o' the priest, ye's get :  
 A brinded bulchin whan ye ask ye's ha' ;  
 Or a milch-kie \* ; gif ye're a gentle fay !  
 For curds and cream, and sic like belly geer,  
 Cheese, honey, wax, to want ye need na' fear ;  
 1255 I's gar my sister Douce set ye ilk e'en  
 Sic bowls o' milk for fairies yet ne'er seen ;  
 Wi' flaunes and custards : and, for ye're sae smert,  
 Ne'er sal ye find the sma'est spot o' dirt,  
 To 'file yer rainbow-robe, and rigol bright,  
 1260 Or ony gaud wi' whilk ye are bedight !  
*Puck.* Your meaning's good, therefore your offers please ;  
 But think not I, as late, want bribes like these :  
 When I was Maudlin's hind, my appetites  
 Were nearly human, seeking gross delights ;  
 1265 And, for thy mother grudg'd me needful food,  
 After my daily labours for her good,  
 Instead of sleeping, which my state then crav'd,  
 For milk and flour in neighbouring barns I slav'd  
 The live-long night ; cut chaff, ground malt, thresh'd corn,  
 1270 Till Lucifer arose, bright star of morn !  
 When, tir'd, upon the ember'd hearth I'd snore  
 Some little space, to renovate each pow'r :  
 Then, with cramm'd paunch, and cream-be-liquor'd throat,  
 Hie home, before the sluggard-rousing note  
 1275 Of chanticleer bade shepherd-lads unfold  
 Their bleating flocks, and drive them to the wold ;  
 Creep to my straw-pleach'd bed, thence seem to rise  
 Ere Maudlin quite had oped her ferret eyes.  
 These slaveries past, my essence pure regain'd,  
 1280 (Polluting which poor Puck in grossness chain'd !)  
 I want nor flesh, nor flour, nor cakes, nor cream,  
 Nor aught whereon mistaken mortals dream  
 We fairies feed ; — so, hence ! while I attend  
 Invisible, and to the sad swain lend  
 1285 Such help he yet may want ; and quite restore  
 Unto Earine her Æglamour ! *[Exeunt.]*

\* See an observation on Kie, Act 3, p. 71, equally applicable to this pas

*The SCENE changes to the entrance to Reuben's Cell.*

Reuben, Robin Hood, Earine, Marian, &c. &c. attending Æglamour.

- Ear.* So ! gently ! gently ! — lay him on this bank  
Of dark-hued violets, their perfum'd scent  
Will make the breath my love again respires,  
1290 Sweet as was that for me so late he lost !  
Oh, holy Sir ! pardon a simple maid,  
For thus directing, where command is thine.  
*Reu.* Gentle and good ! fair, and full wise withal !  
Needful it is to court each vagrant sense  
1295 With those delights, will tempt them to abide  
In their frail mansion. With his slow-drawn breath,  
Let scent of sweetest flowers be intermix'd ;  
Which, adding to the natural delight  
Enjoy'd in breathing, may promote the act :  
1300 Clasp his hand, maid ! in thine ; quick from thy heart  
Love's fire will haste, as quick communicate  
A vital heat to every yet-chill vein :  
Then shall his eye-lids ope like dawn of day ;  
Which to entice still further to disclose  
1305 Their cask'd jewels, set thy face in view,  
To gaze on which each visual nerve they'll strain,  
And like twin-suns full brightly shine again.  
For one sweet sense, leave crav'd of modesty,  
Apply thy lips bedew'd with nectarous balm  
1310 To his, as ruddy erst as now thy own ;  
So shall he, tasting what might banquet gods,  
Heav'n for a while forego : to sooth each sense,  
In softest strains of harmony, then wooe  
His dull'd ear, deaf'ned by the waters' din ;  
1315 And say, would it but once again attend,  
Such notes await grim Death himself might list ;  
The sweetest notes of lov'd Earin's voice.  
Lord of the greenwood bower ! bid music sound.  
*Rob.* Sound, softly sound the sweet-ton'd bugle-horn !  
1320 Unharbour Harmony ! and, like the deer,  
Or doubling hare, hunt her through all her wiles.

*The Woodmen sound the horns, and Earine sings.*

- Think it not, dearest youth ! amiss,  
If maiden coyness I forsake,  
And on thy lips imprint a kiss ;  
1325 But as 'tis meant the boldness take :  
'Tis to restore  
My Æglamour  
To life and bliss,  
That I thus kiss

1288. *Mem. dark hued violets* occurs, I think, previously. — MS.

1316. *Death*] *death* 1783.



And this most venerable, holy man ——

*Ægl.* All's holy here ! for I nor will, nor can  
1375 Think this is aught but paradise, and thee  
The spirit of my lov'd Earine !

She who was drown'd in thirty-armed Trent ;  
Whom to rejoin, her faithful shepherd went  
Like watry way ; and through its oozy bed  
1380 Explor'd the path to heav'n and her that led !

*Reub.* This wildness will subside — go, lead him forth  
To other air ; and let his eyes take note  
Of the accustom'd objects all around ;  
Fam'd Be'voir castle ; Robin Hood's gay bower ;  
1385 The cots, and farms ; green hills and flow'ry dales,  
Where he so oft hath graz'd his fleecy flocks ;  
And when again he's perfect in his mind,  
Conduct him to the altar near my cell :  
There let him kneel, and thankfully adore

1390 The power and mercy did his life restore.

*Ægl.* What says the hoary, venerable form ?  
His looks are awful, yet they're wond'rous mild !  
Sure 'tis some patriarch's spirit, which presides  
In these abodes over departed souls !

1395 *Ear.* He rules all here ; and wills that you retire  
To view the limits round : I'll with thee, love !  
And shew thee groves, and bowers, and verdant meads ;  
Smooth-gliding streams, and idly-babbling brooks ;  
Such as my *Æglamour* was wont to haunt.

1400 *Ægl.* Come then, pure partner in elyzium ! come ;  
Shew our celestial, ever-blooming home :  
Where, with these happy pairs, we'll fondly rove ;  
Enjoy unfading youth, unsated love ;  
And perfect bliss eternally all prove !

[*Æglamour and Earine go out.*]

1405 *Rob.* What thanks, thou holy man ! are due to thee ?  
What gifts, what guerdon ? thy right-well-earn'd fee,  
For thus restoring him we all thought dead !  
How shall thy goodness be by us repaid ?

*Reub.* Nor thanks, nor guerdon, gentle Robin Hood,  
410 Were due to me, though I had done this good ;  
Neither should on our social duties wait :  
But send your grateful thanks to heav'n's high gate !  
Whence a bright minister, by you unseen,  
Descended swift the youth and death between ;  
415 Else had all mortal means perchance prov'd vain,  
And *Æglamour* for aye a corse had lain !  
But see ! the sprite, invisible before  
To all but me, who did to life restore  
The drowned shepherd, comes with lightsome trips,  
420 The veil thrown off, his brightness did eclipse.

*Puck enters.*

*Puck.* Health and true happiness for aye betide



- Each jolly bridegroom, and his plighted bride !  
 Unto my namesake, Robin of the wood,  
 And his fair Marian (not more fair than good)  
 1425 Peaceful possession of their festal bower !  
 In which they ne'er shall know less happy hour  
 Than this : and unto holy Reuben's cell,  
 Where with Devotion pure the saint doth dwell,  
 Visions of spirits ! far excelling me,  
 1430 As doth my essence frail mortality :  
 Unto you all, invisible no more,  
 (Nay rise, nor one of my degree adore)  
 I come, (who late was wicked Maudlin's hind,  
 In the vile beldam's thrall perforce confin'd ;  
 1435 Now a free sprite !) the harbinger of bliss !  
 Your ev'ry fear, or doubt, all safe dismiss  
 For the entire recovery of the youth,  
 Pure paragon of perfect love and truth !  
 Into the frantic shepherd's brain a balm  
 1440 I have infus'd, that with remembrance calm  
 Of ev'ry object round endues the swain :  
 When, for his near-lost life restor'd again,  
 His thanks are given at the holy shrine ;  
 With grateful praises to the pow'rs divine ;  
 1445 Hither, with her who doth his steps attend,  
 (Earine) his love-light way he'll bend :  
 Be happy, mortals ! pow'rful Puck's your friend !  
*Reub.* Thanks, gentle spirit ! in the name of all,  
 For that the swain thou didst to life recall !  
 1450 And for each other friendly office done,  
 Which e'en our hopes and wishes have outrun !  
*Mar.* Here come the pair ! their eyes with rapture bright :  
 Now shall our feast be crown'd with true delight !

*Æglamour and Earine re-enter.*

- Ægl.* O gentle friends ! how shall I e'er repay  
 1455 The various obligations of this day ?  
 To life, to sense, Earine restor'd !  
 All bliss is center'd in that blissful word,  
 Earine ! sure joy was ne'er like mine !  
 The sun with tenfold splendor seems to shine,  
 1460 The face of nature ne'er was half so gay,  
 As on this more than festive, wond'rous day !  
*Ear.* Kind Marian ! loving maids ! embrace your friend ;  
 Earin's sorrows now are at an end !  
 O holy hermit ! once more on my knee —  
 1465 *Reub.* Rise, maiden ! shepherd rise ! kneel not to me ;  
 To this bright minister your thanks are due.  
*Puck.* Not more, good Reuben ! than they are to you.  
*Ægl.* To both, then, we our thankful tribute give.  
*Ear.* To whom we owe that Æglamour doth live !  
 1470 *Puck.* Here comes my quondam dame, to deprecate  
 Your angers ; and though I have cause of hate

To the old crone, for her fell tyranny ;  
 Yet, from my bondage being now set free,  
 And from foul witchcraft she at length reclaim'd,  
 1475 I all entreat with scoffing she's not shamed ;  
 Pity her age, nor let her more be blamed !  
*Reub.* Kind spirit ! were we not to mercy prone,  
 Thy mildness might pervade a heart of stone.

*Maudlin, Clarion, Douce, and Lorel enter.*

*Maud.* Lo ! on her knees repentant Maudlin bends,  
 1480 To crave yer pardons, and mak what amends  
 For bygone wickedness she may to a'  
 In guds, or person, harm'd ; or kept in thra' ;  
 As, for my son, I kept Earine,  
 Pent in the hollow'd prison of a tree :  
 1485 Himsel tu, Lorel, is reform'd ; and sues  
 To a', his rudeness ever did abuse.

*Lor.* Ey ! I's offend nae mair, gif ye'll forgi',  
 But henceforth will a gentler swineherd be ;  
 My sister Douce is to be Clarion's wife,  
 1490 And we's a' change our crooked course o' life.

*Dou.* Nae langer proud, as I ha' been a' day,  
 I'm sae abash'd I ha'n't a word to say !

*Rob.* Is't even so, good Clarion ? wilt thou wed  
 And take, rich swain, this poor maid to thy bed ?  
 1495 Well fare thy generous heart !

*Clar.* I'm of thy mind ;  
 Thou, Robin, to the needy still art kind !  
 Those who are blest with wealth, should of their store  
 Be stewards, and dispensers to the poor :

1500 The maid I'll wed ; make Lorel o'er my flocks,  
 Herds, garners, barns, and other country stocks,  
 Surviewer ; for in such craft he hath skill :  
 Repentant Maudlin, now reclaim'd from ill,  
 Shall in my cot find shelter for her age ;  
 1505 Where we'll attend her lore, and counsel sage,  
 Till time shall call her to the peaceful grave :  
 But first her pardon for past deeds I crave.

*Alk.* Though erst her foe, now Clarion's suit I join ;  
 Give all your pardons free as I give mine,  
 1510 Unloosing from her neck this amulet strong :  
 See ! of itself it falls ! sure sign among  
 The righteous she's enroll'd : and all who groan  
 Under th'effects of her late charms, now flown,  
 (As did your cook, good Robin) in a trice  
 1515 Will be as free from pain as she from vice.

*Reub.* Reuben the reconciler I am call'd !

1475. *shamed*] *sham'd* 1783.

1484. *in*] *i'* 1783.

1476. *blamed*] *blam'd* 1783.

1485. *is reform'd*] *doth repret* 1783.

- Since from the fiend her soul is disenthral'd,  
 And reconcil'd to heav'n, let me intreat  
 Like grace and pardon she on earth may meet :  
 1520 I read each visage round, and think I spy  
 A beam of mercy dart from ev'ry eye ;  
 'Tis so ! none e'er in sorrow went from hence !  
 In name of all, full pardon I dispense !  
 To punish crimes, is easy ; to reclaim,  
 1525 Forgive, and cherish, gains the nobler name !  
 Mercy's the darling attribute of heav'n ;  
 And as we pardon, are our sins forgiv'n !  
*Lio.* All now were bless'd, would sweetest Mellifleur  
 The heart she has wouned kindly deign to cure.  
 1530 *Mel.* Freely ! for troth I think thy passion pure !  
*Tuck.* Here's work enough, I trow, for Tuck the priest !  
 Your marriages, young folks, would make a feast,  
 Were there no other toward : I'll join your hands  
 (Your hearts are join'd !) in wedlock's gentle bands,  
 1535 And when you mutual taste love's pure delights,  
 Crown with a fruitful blessing Hymen's rites !  
*Rob.* Now then return we to our greenwood-bower ;  
 And, holy Reuben, there unbend an hour  
 In harmless mirth ; so reverend a guest  
 1540 Shall give a sanction to our feast :  
 The light-foot venison, hare, and feather'd game ;  
 Each dainty flesh of bird, beast, wild or tame ;  
 With choicest fish, 'cates, fruits, ale, sparkling wine,  
 Upon our plenteous board shall mingled shine.  
 1545 And would pleas'd Puck but add his song and jest,  
 Banquets of kings were nought to our grac'd feast !

- Puck.* With thanks, blithe Robin ! I delight  
 To pass in merriment the night ;  
 And the sad-employed day  
 1550 Now prepares to flit away :  
 Soon bright Hesperus will appear,  
 Harbinger of Dian clear,  
 And her starry sky-robed train ;  
 Whose mingled beams shall o'er the plain  
 1555 Silver our footsteps, as we trace  
 Again the path, with chearful pace,  
 Was hither mark'd in mournful mood,  
 With doleful dirge, through the greenwood.  
 Now as we jocund bend our way,  
 1560 Let's chaunt a merry roundelay :  
 Sound, woodmen ! sound your bugles sweet,  
 In sprightly notes, while Puck doth mete  
 Thereto some quaint and choral song,  
 As to the festal bower we trip along.

*The Woodmen sound their bugles ; Puck sings, and  
the rest join in chorus.*

SONG.

1565 The chace is o'er ; but, joy to tell !  
Instead of sounding a mort-knell,  
The hart, went cold to Death's drear dell,  
Is with his deer alive and well !

CHORUS.

1570 Sound, bugles, sound ! the shepherd lad  
No longer is ycleped " the sad. "  
Sound, bugles, sound ! all grief is flown ;  
And Love sits lightly on his throne !

SONG.

1575 Now to the feast, the greenwood feast,  
With happy heart, each rural guest !  
To which freed Puck shall add, at least,  
His sportive pranks, apt song, and jest.

CHORUS.

1580 Sound, bugles, sound ! each nymph and swain  
Join in the chearful, choral strain ;  
And nimbly trip it through the wood,  
To the famed feast of Robin Hood !

THE END.

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1565. *Death*] *death* 1783.

1580. *famed*] *fam'd* 1783.



## NOTES

Concerning the various editions of the Sad Shepherd see Introduction. The following abbreviations are used in the notes: F = the original folio of 1640-41; F'92 = folio of 1692; Wh. = Whalley; W. = Waldron; W.MS<sub>1</sub> = BM. (C. 45. c. 4); W.MS<sub>2</sub> = BM. (643. g. 16); G. = Gifford; C. = Cunningham.

### TITLEPAGE.

The quotation is from Eclogue VI. 2.

### THE PERSONS.

[Robin-hood.] Wood-man. « A Woodman, I believe, signified not a huntsman but an archer. » W. MS<sub>1</sub> (from Malone). A woodman is one skilled in woodcraft, therefore a huntsman, though the word sometimes seems to be applied specifically to one skilled in the use of the bow. That this cannot be the only sense is shown by the transferred use, as in *Measure for Measure*, IV. iii. 90. It is true that one of the oldest archery societies in England is known as the Woodmen of Arden.

Family, i.e. household, retinue. This sense, now obsolete, is the original one.

Scarlet, Scathlock. W. pointed out that in place of these two characters Drayton mentions a single one whom he calls Scarlock (*Polyolbion*, xxvi. 314). Both Scathlock and Scarlet appear in the Munday-Chettle plays of *Robert Earl of Huntington*, the latter alone in *George-a-Green*. Scarlet is also mentioned in 2 *Henry IV*, V. iii. 103. It is also perhaps worth remarking that one of the archers' « marks » in Finsbury Fields was named *Scarlet*; it is the only one that has survived, being preserved in the Armoury House of the Honourable Artillery Company.

*George-a-Green*, the pinner, pinder, or pounder of Wakefield, hero of the play and romance bearing his name, as also of certain ballads of the Robin-Hood cycle.

huisher. Cotgrave explains *huissier* as an usher, or doorkeeper, though the word was frequently used in the sense of master of the ceremonies or major-domo.

Much, « the Millers sonne » l. 149. According to the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington* his father was tenant of the King's Mill at Wakefield.

Acater, i.e. caterer, an officer responsible for the provisions. Formed from *acate*, cf. l. 142.

Aeglamour, cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Larine, sic for Earine. The name is derived from the Greek adj. *ἐλαρινός*, belonging to the spring, cf. l. 330.

[Maudlin.] Papplewick. « A village lying in the road from Nottingham to Mansfield, not far from Newsted Priory. » Wh.

Lorell. Both *lorel* and its variant *losel* (OE. *lorian*, var. *losian*) mean a worthless fellow. Thus in Spenser we find *lewd lorrell* (*Shep. Cal.* VII. 93) and *losell base* (*Faery Queen*, V. iii. 20). Cf. the famous *Cock lorel* of the popular imitation of the *Ship of Fools*.

[Puck-Hairy.] Hine. Altered by G. to *hind*, but the final *d* is excrescent; ME. *hine*, a servant.

### SCENE.

Landt-shape. The word was borrowed early in the seventeenth century from the Dutch *landschap*. In the first syllable Jonson has preserved the hard pronunciation of final *d*. In the second he has represented the guttural *sch* by *sh*, though the usual English phonetic rendering was *sc*. It is quite possible however that this is an error of the printer or editor (influenced by the word *shape*), for in the *Masque of Blackness* (1616, p. 893) Jonson has *Landtschap*. The very common variant *landscip*, described in *N.E.D.* as corrupt, is not easily explained. OE. *landscipe*, a district or region, had been obsolete for centuries, and would moreover have given the form *landship*.

*Dimble*. The meaning is the same as *dingle*; but the origin of neither word is known. They may be doublets, or *dimble* may possibly be connected with *dim*. The variants *dumble* and *drumble* are found in some dialects.

#### ARGUMENT.

G. collected the Arguments to the three acts and printed them together at the beginning, before the Personae.

2 *Be'voir*. Belvoir, the seat of the Earls of Rutland. Jonson's spelling shows that the pronunciation of the name was the same then as now.

16 *at force*, see l. 424, note.

*stood*, endured, held out.

17 *head*, see l. 116, note.

*breaking him up*, see l. 441, note.

18 *The suspect*, etc. This is of course a very loose construction, but G. did not improve matters by reading *and* [which] *is confirmed* in l. 20, for this leaves the sentence without a principal verb. It can be reduced to grammar by the omission of *and* in l. 20, but this is only cutting the knot, since Jonson evidently forgot how he had begun the sentence before he got half way through it. Probably it will be best to understand a verb in the first part, either « The suspect *is* had » etc., or « The suspect had of that raven *is* to be M. » etc. The sense is in either case the same, viz. that the raven is suspected of being Maudlin. *Suspect* in the sense of *suspicion* was, of course, very common in Jonson's time though now obsolete.

22 *Quarry*, see l. 467, note.

#### PROLOGUE.

26 *forty years*. Concerning the date, see Introduction.

29 *finer*. Apparently the sense is *ever finer*, i.e. ever growing in fineness, or, possibly the *finer cares* among you. Jonson claims to have in general adapted his writing to the capacity of his audience, although he admits having written too well for them in the first instance.

30 i.e. though he was not immediately successful in adapting his writing to the calibre of your intelligence.

31 etc. Jonson certainly never doubted his own powers. Cf., in the Epilogue to *Cynthia's Revels*, the famous :

By — 'tis good, and if you like't, you may.

It can, however, hardly be maintained that he remained in sympathy with his audience during the later years of his life.

37 *pull*. This appears to have been the original method of shearing. Pliny says that in his time it was still customary in some parts, while Varro (II. ch. 2) derives *vellus*, fleece, from *vellere*, to pluck. It is of course quite possible that the practice was invented by the grammarians to support the supposed etymology.

41 *Sicily or Greece*. Probably referring to Theocritus and Vergil, the latter of whom was the first to lay the scene of his pastoral poems in Arcadia. It may, however, merely mean the pastoral writing generally having its scene in Sicily or Arcadia, whereas Jonson's is laid in England.

46 *The sad young Shep'ard*. Apparently in apposition to *Man* in the last sentence. Or else we may regard it absolutely, as the referent of *his* in l. 53, in which case ll. 51-2, '*lasse... drown'd*?' must be treated parenthetically.

49 « It appears that Eglamour wore *blacks*, and was further distinguished by a wreath of cypress and yew. » G. « I do not think he is intended by the poet to wear *black garments*. » W.MS1.

51-2 Probably, as G. pointed out, suggested by the lines in Donne :

Alas, no more than Thames' calm head doth know

Whose meads her arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow. — *Sat. V. 29.*

59 For possible allusions in this line see Introduction.

60 *Such... who*. See Franz, *Shak.-Gram.* § 207.

*he*, i.e. the author.

- 62 *in kind*. Since *kind* is the usual word for nature, the present phrase is equivalent to *in the natural course* or *naturally*.
- 63 *Families*. Jonson here seems to use the word in the sense of *family gatherings*, but I can find no authority for the use.
- 66 *distaste*. The meaning is here equivalent to *offend*, but cf. l. 555, note. The word is now obsolete, the last instance quoted in *N.E.D.* being dated 1643, but was still occasionally used in Elizabethan times; e.g. *Othello*, III. iii. 327.
- 72 *Where*, for *whether*, which was often monosyllabic in the sixteenth century. G. printed *whér*.  
*piece*, i. e. portion.
- 74 *require it*. The construction is characteristic of Jonson's rather crabbed style when writing in didactic couplets. *It* must be taken to stand for *their presence*, in which the pl. *their* refers back to *every piece*.
- 80 For possible allusions see Introduction.
- 89 This is a favourite jibe of Jonson's; cf. *Staple of News* I. ii. (1640-31, p. 54). He told the tale to Drummond: 'A Painter who could paint nothing but a rose, when ane Inn-keeper had advised with him about ane ensing [ensign], said, That a horse was a good one, so was a hare, but a rose was above them all'. *Conversations*, xvii.
- 90 etc. This is certainly an unpleasant instance of Jonson's self-confidence, and may well be regarded as belonging to his last years.

## ACT. I.

- 94 For the similar passage in Goffe's *Careless Shepherdess*, see Introduction.
- 102 *'hem*. This, of course, was not an abbreviated form of *them*, as Jonson's apostrophe would seem intended to suggest, but the original dat. (superseding the acc.) of the plural personal pronoun. It survives in the colloquial *'em*. The modern *them* is derived from the Norse form of the plural demonstrative.
- s. d. F. of course begins a new scene with the entry of the fresh characters. G. inserts *Exit* and also marks Sc. II. I do not see sufficient evidence, however, for supposing that Aeglamour goes off the stage. His name, it is true, does not appear in the list of characters to Sc. II, but it might be included in the *etc.*, while it reappears in that to Sc. III with the subsequent direction (l. 144) *Aeglamour fals in with them*. In G. this was altered to *Enter Aegl.*, but it evidently means that he has been standing apart and joins the rest at this point. There seems, therefore, to be no authority for the *Exit* marked at l. 102 in G., and the whole act is consequently one scene, according to the modern method of division. In G., I may point out, not only is a new scene marked as beginning at l. 103, but a change of locality is likewise indicated by the heading *Another Part of the Same* (i.e. of *Sherwood Forest*); George-a-Green and Much are also made to enter here, whereas in F. they first appear in the list of characters to Sc. III.
- 106 *Madam*. The fact that both here and in l. 113 the word appears to form an iambic foot, led W. (MSr.) to conjecture that Jonson accented it on the second syllable. There is however no difficulty in supposing an accentual inversion in these positions. Jonson, it is true, frequently uses the word at the end of a line (cf. ll. 745, 819, 1199), but its position in l. 773 as a trochee is quite unequivocal.
- 110 *threaves*. Literally a *threave* or *thraue* is a number of sheaves of corn, varying from twelve to twenty-four, now usually called a *shock*, except in the North where the present word still survives. Metaphorically it is used, as here, to mean an indefinite number of things together. Jonson also has the word in the *Alchemist*, V. ii. 65 (1616, p. 667.)
- 111 *harbord*. 'The man who held the lymer was called the *harbourer*, and his business was to go out early in the morning on his ring-walks, and find by his hound where the hart or other beast had gone into the wood from his pasture. He then followed the scent till he thought he was near the lair, and having taken some of the freshest fewmets he could find, went to the place



of meeting. This was called *harbouring* the hart. » *Dic. Arch. Prov.* To *harbour* is therefore to mark down, while to *unharbour* is to start or rouse the hart. It should be noted that the term was specifically applied to the hart; a buck was said to be *lodged*.

- 112 *tackling*, var. of *tackle*, but what it can refer to I do not know. Toils are out of the question.

*Hart of ten*. Primarily, a hart bearing a head of ten points, i.e. having ten points or branches to his antlers. This would normally, though by no means necessarily, imply that he was in his sixth year. Manwood however writes in his *Laws of the Forest* (1598, p. 28): « When a Hart is past his sixt yeere, he is generally to be called a Hart of Tenn ». This may merely mean that a hart of the sixth year or above would probably have ten points, which is true. Although *hart* was the generic name for the male of the red-deer, the term was also specifically applied to the male after his fifth year. Thus *N.E.D.* refers to the *Return from Parnassus*, Pt. II., II. v. 889: « Your Hart is the first yeare a Calfe, the second yeare a Brochet, the third yeare a Spade, the fourth yeare a Stagge, the fift yeare a great Stag, the sixt yeare a Hart ». This, indeed, is not itself a first-rate authority, but is supported in this instance by Manwood, who gives the terms (p. 24): *Hinde calfe* or *calfe*, *Broket*, *Spayad*, *Staggerd*, *Stagge*, and *Hart*. In modern English *stag* is the generic term, *hart* being poetical or archaistic.

- 114 *Slot*, the spoor or footprints of the game. Equivalent to *slenth* in *slenth-hound*. It is apparently not used for the scent, as stated in *Nares*.

*Entries*, the openings in the thickets caused by the hart passing through, from which his size might be inferred.

*Port*. This can hardly mean anything but the bearing or head, and is therefore not properly one of the « signs of sport ». It would probably be inferred from the marks of the antlers on the branches about the *entries*.

- 115 *Frayings*, the peelings of the antlers. A stag is said to fray his head when he rubs his antlers against a tree or rock to remove the velvet. It may be remarked that the red-deer does not fray his head till July, whereas the action of the play is said to be in June.

*Fewmets*, the dung of the deer. « That which is in Welch *Bam*, in French *Marde*, I could name it in English but (Sir Reverence for that), in Woodmanship it is called a Deeres *Fewmets*, a Boar or Bear's *Leasses*, a Hare or Conney's *Crotloves*, a Fox or Badger's *Feance*, and an Otter's *Spraintes*, all of which in English is a T. » Taylor, *A Navy of Land Ships*. ed. 1630, p. 93. (C.)

- 116 *hee bears*. We should expect *and bears*, for the clause is co-ordinate with *he doth...* Dogs, as an inference from the « signs of sport ».

*head*. The *head* of a stag, in technical parlance, is the pair of antlers. Thus Turberville: « His heade when it commeth first out, hath a russet pyll vpon it, the whiche is called Veluet, and his heade is called then a veluet heade, the toppes thereof (as long as they are in bloude) are good meate, and are called Tenderlings ». *Noble Art of Venery* (1575, p. 242).

- 117 *with... spread*, i.e. with all his rights present and well formed; the participles qualify *rights*, not *head* or *he*. A stag is said to have acquired his *rights* when he bears the brow, bay and trey antlers, besides the point at the top of each horn; that is, when he has eight points. After that he only, in the normal course, adds points at the top.

- 118 *they'ave*. Jonson's contractions are peculiar, for he sometimes uses the apostrophe to indicate, not the omission of a vowel, but the fact that two consecutive syllables are to be run into one. It may often be possible to do this in more than one way. Thus in l. 156 we find *You'are*, which may be reduced either to *yow're* or *y'are*, both forms being permissible. He might even mean that both were to be pronounced though they count as one metrically. We sometimes find the apostrophe in cases where no elision seems needed, or indeed possible, e. g. *who' hath* in l. 549. In other cases, e. g. *Ha' you* in l. 154,

the apostrophe does indicate an omission, and no further reduction is possible.

*found*. There is a misprint here. In the original it is at the end of this word, not of the head-line, that a reversed *p* is printed for *d*.

- 121 *pound*. At first sight one may be tempted to suppose that Jonson meant the *pale* or *park* into which the hart was forced by the toils, forgetting that such a mode of hunting was impossible in the circumstances. It is not, however, a technical term and may merely be used metaphorically in the sense of having the game in their power. The use of toils would of course be inconsistent with Marian's subsequent statement that they hunted the hart *at force* (ll. 424-5), but Jonson does not appear to be very careful in his use of the terms of art. He had, indeed, little opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with woodcraft, and drew his knowledge from books. G. remarks that for his « signs of sport » Jonson is indebted to the description in Gascoigne's *Commendation of the Noble Art of Venerie*. This is not strictly accurate, since Gascoigne's huntsman describes from an actual view of the quarry, whereas Little John relies upon inference. Commenting upon G.'s note, C. remarks : « I hope *Jonson* is a misprint for *Whalley*. The chase was a subject on which Jonson had nothing to learn from books ». This, of course, is absurd. Cunningham appears to have out-Gifford Gifford in his belief in his hero's impeccability. On all questions of Elizabethan sport Justice Madden's *Diary of Master William Silence* (1897) is, of course, invaluable.

- 125 *you all in fee*, i.e. all you who are in service, all you retainers.

- 127 *devises*. A *device* is anything *devised*, hence in general any arrangements. From the late sixteenth century onward it also had the special sense of a show or entertainment. On the present occasion the *devices* evidently included a prize-giving.

- 128 *Baldrick*. At l. 497 the word is spelt *Baudrick*. The interchange of *l* and *u* is not uncommon in words of French origin ; the form with *l*, which was usually the one to survive, representing the older borrowing, since in French *l* became *u* in certain cases. Thus alongside of the form *realm* (ME. *realme* from OFr. *realme* from LL. *\*regalimen*) is found, in Spenser and elsewhere, the form *reaume* (from later Fr. *royaume*). In the present case the two forms might be pronounced alike. Jonson was probably aware that in the northern dialect *al* and *au* are practically indistinguishable.

- 128 *sword*, i.e. sward.

- 128 *bulled*. « *Bulled*, or *bolled*, signifies swelled, ready to break its inclosure ; the *bulled nosegays* therefore are nosegays of flowers full blown. » G. (misquoting Wh.) This view is endorsed in *N.E.D.* « Considering the Latinized phraseology of Jonson it is not improbable that *bulled* is an adjective of his own coining from *Bullatus*, i.e. studded or buttoned. The buds of flowers were called *buttons* by Shakespeare [*Hamlet*, I. iii. 40]. » W. MS2.

After this, as G. pointed out, occurs a lacuna of one or more lines. W. suggests :

Raise, where the stately beech her branches spreads. — MS1.

- 142 *Acates*, provisions. An *acate* is a purchase, from OFr. *acat*, modern *achat*. It would be specifically used of such dainties as one would buy at a shop for some particular occasion.

- 150 *Baily*, i.e. bailiff or steward. G. substituted *bailiff* for the original and correct reading. In this sense the word is obsolete, but it survives in Scotland in the sense of *alderman* ; cf. Bailie Nicol Jarvie in *Rob Roy*.

- 153 *poesies*. G. altered the word to *posies*, but Jonson's form is correct. A *poesy* was a short poem or motto, and was hence applied to a bunch of flowers, or collection of precious stones or the like, representing a motto in symbolic language, hence to a nosegay in general.

- 165 G. marks an exit for Tuck after this speech, and for George and Much at l. 174. Since Tuck is mentioned among the characters entering to Aeglamour

in Sc. IV. (l. 200) he must strictly speaking have left the stage, though there is no reason why he should. George and Much do not appear again in Act I and no doubt went about their business. Since no exits are marked in F. we may most probably regard all these characters as going off during Aeglamour's speech (ll. 175-200).

**176** *Swithen*, known as the rainy Saint on account of the rainy constellations which rise about his feast, July 15.

**188** *their body*. G. substituted *her* for *their*, unnecessarily, since the sense of F., i.e. the body they hold, is perfectly satisfactory.

**193** *the lookes*. Here again G.'s emendation, *her looks*, is unnecessary. Aeglamour is talking of the body, he will love *it*, hug *it*; it is only gradually that the image of his living love replaces in his mind that of her dead body. The transition from the wholly impersonal *it* to the fully personified *her* is effected through the vaguer *the*. It is, however, very tempting to read *lockes* for *lookes*.

**195** *Suck of her drowned flesh*! G. printed *off*. The reading of F. might, of course, stand for *of* or *off* equally. C. remarked that *of* gave «an idea rather the less uncomfortable of the two». In either case we must take *suck* as absolute, not as transitive; so there remains little difference of sense between the two readings.

**197** G. here inserts the direction *Music of all sorts is heard*, which, of course, follows from Aeglamour's words and the heading to Sc. IV.

**199** *Timburines*, tambourines, cf. l. 214. The word is a diminutive of Fr. *tambour*, which is ultimately derived from the Arabic. Jonson's form would seem to be influenced by *timbré*, dimin. of OFr. *timbre* from L. *tympanum*.

**200** *study*. The word here, as also in l. 198, appears to preserve something of the meaning it bore in ME. of meditate or muse, a sense it still bears in the phrase *brown study*.

**202** C. wanted to read *Lionel and fair Amie*, remarking: «Any one who reads these lines [201-2] attentively will be convinced that the word *and* in the second, *which I have restored from the folio*, should never have been cut away». Certainly it should never have been omitted, *had it been in the folio*; it was, however, a gratuitous insertion of Wh.'s, rightly removed by G.

**200** *lighted*, made light or lighter.

**214** *Horne-pipe*. The word is here apparently used in its original sense of the instrument, not the dance. The use, however, was probably somewhat of a conscious archaism, since the epithet *nimble*, though not inapplicable to music, would be more naturally suggested by the secondary meaning.

**217** The reading *were* of F. was altered by G. to *are*, to the considerable bettering of sense and grammar. But the perplexing *allow*, riming with *bough*, remains and refuses to be dealt with after a similar fashion. I had already thought of taking *the youthful* as subject and *June* as remoter object, i.e. the rites which young people allow to June, before seeing the suggestions to that effect by W.(MS1), and it is by no means impossible that that may be the correct interpretation of the passage, in spite of the awkwardness of the construction. The only other possible explanation seems to be that Jonson deliberately put a plural verb after a singular subject for the sake of the rime, for it is not one of those cases in which a word of a different number comes between subject and verb. The instance of the opposite license in Shakespeare —

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies! (Cymb. II. iii. 25.) —

is well known. The meaning of the present passage, would in that case be: such are the sports that the youthful season of June permits.

Two other suggestions must be mentioned. In the first place it has been pointed out that the couplet arrangement is not regular; ll. 210-1 and 214-5 do not rime. Hence it is not necessary to suppose that ll. 216-7 rime, and we are at liberty to emend *allow* to *allows*. To this, however, there are three objections; in the first place, such an approach to rime as *bough*: *allows* would be

extremely awkward in a speech, part of which actually is rimed ; secondly, if there is rime in a speech at all, one expects to find it in the final couplet ; thirdly, to suppose, in a partly rimed passage, that a particular rime is due to a misprint, is a somewhat violent course. The other suggestion is with respect to *were*. It is proposed to regard this word as a subjunctive in the sense of *would be*. In this sense the word would be unaccented, the accent falling on *such*, whereas in the next line the pret. *were* would be accented, so that a similar antithesis would be obtained as between *are* and *were*. The only objection to this view is that we should have an indicative in a relative clause depending on a subjunctive. « Such were the rites that would beseech young June » would be correct ; but the rites that *the youthful June allow* are definite and unconditional, and therefore cannot properly depend upon a conditional verb.

- 218 *the sower sort of Shepherds*. This famous attack on the Puritan party might of course be paralleled from a great variety of writers. G. quotes a passage from a pastoral scene in Jones' *Adrasta* (1635), in which one of the characters, alluding to May-games, says :

The curious preciseness,  
And all-pretended gravity, of those  
That seek to banish hence these harmless sports,  
Have thrust away much ancient honesty. (p. 53.)

As another instance of pastoral satire directed against the Puritans, I may mention the very amusing portrait, drawn with a pen dipped in gall, in the eleventh Eclogue of Quarles' *Shepherd's Oracles*, 1646.

- 219 *disclaime in*, declaim against. This is the original construction, now obsolete except in law.

- 222 *wise Clarion*. The epithet does not appear to be particularly appropriate. There is no very striking wisdom displayed in Clarion's remark, and in the list of personae it is Alken who is the *sage*, Clarion being designated as the *rich*, shepherd. I suppose, however, that Jonson intended to represent Clarion as better educated than the rest, for it is into his mouth that he puts later on the astonishing list of *Lovers Scriptures*.

*hurried*, driven, impelled.

- 223 *Covetise*, i.e. covetousness, now obsolete or archaic.

- 225 *Fell*, usually the skin with the hair or wool on it, here the skin as distinct from the wool, the hide.

- 226 According to Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* VIII. 76) if a goat eats of a certain herb, which from other references appears to be the eryngo, a sort of thistle, all the rest of the herd leave off feeding and gaze at him in stupid astonishment.

- 228 *Tods haives*. A *tod* is a fox ; the word is still in dialectical use.

- 229 *d'off*, to put off with an excuse. (*N.E.D.*)

- 233 *Brock*, badger ; now chiefly dialectical.

- 245 *Kit*, a kind of small fiddle ; rare in Mod. Eng. since the extinction of the fiddling dancing master.

*Crowd*, a fiddle ; still in dialectical use. Properly *crowd* (ME. *crouthe*, Welsh *cwrth*) is an ancient Celtic instrument of the viol class. (*N.E.D.*)

- 246 *Tabret-mov'd*, sic for *Tabret mov'd*. A *tabret*, *taboret*, or *tabouret* is a small tabor or drum.

- 249 *sing*. (period), sic for *sing*, (comma).

- 250 *wrastle*, a very common variant of *wrestle*.

- 251 The reference is of course to the phrase *to give a green gown*, meaning to throw a girl over on the grass so that her frock becomes soiled with that colour.

- 252 *course*, a game, a bout.

For a description of *barley-break* (possibly connected with *barley*, from Fr. *parlez* (?), the word used in Scotland by children as equivalent to *pax* or *truce*) see G. 's note on Massinger's *Virgin Martyr* V. i. (quoted by C. *ad loc.*) *Base* seems to have been much the same as the modern *Prisoner's Base*, but all

these games have a strong family resemblance. The dramatists are often fond of referring to the details of games, but as they are here merely mentioned incidentally, the above reference will suffice.

**259** *allay*, alloy. The form *allay* descends from the Norman *alay*, OFr. *alai*. The form *alloy*, representing the Parisian *aloi*, was imported c. 1600, and with the help of popular etymology deriving it from *à loi*, gradually supplanted the older form. The sense was, however, affected by the verb *allay* in the sense of abate. To *give allay* was a common phrase meaning to dilute wine, poison, etc.; cf. *Devil's Charter* l. 2771. To *delay* was used in the same sense.

**261** *Our... wee*. The tautological use of a possessive pronoun to qualify a substantive; also qualified by a relative clause introducing the same relation, is contrary to modern usage, but is occasionally met with in the Elizabethan writers. Jonson has it again in l. 715.

**267** *Cypressa*, sic for *Cypresse*.

**271** *pleasing frensie*, i. e. the merry moods of his distracted state.

**272** *no sought reliefe*, etc., i. e. no relief sought by all our studies, or that all our seeking has been able to find.

**277** *Phant'sie*, here and in l. 350 used specifically of a disordered imagination; cf. also l. 164.

**279** *Alken*, sic for *Alken*.

**286** *Sure... about*. G. gave this speech to Karolin, whose entry he had therefore to advance by half a line. The change is however quite unnecessary. *Alken* means that since Karolin is always following Aeglamour about, the latter must be somewhere in the neighbourhood.

**289** *fleece*, i. e. sheep; cf. l. 496, note.

**291** G. compares Spenser (*Colin Clout*, l. 634 etc.):

Her name in every tree I will endorse,  
That as the trees do grow, her name may grow.  
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,  
And fill with stones, that all men may it know.

**292** *sworih*, *swarth*. This word or form is still current dialectically, and evidently arises from the confusion of two distinct words, *swathe* and *sward*. Of these *swathe* (OE. *swathu*, track; Low G. *swade*, scythe) means either the clear track left by the scythe or else the row of cut grass. *Sward*, on the other hand, (OE. *sweard*, skin) means turf, or specifically, a lawn. In the present passage the word evidently means a grass-walk, being used antithetically to *path*. G. printed *sword*, i. e. *sward*.

**300** *rigid*, stiff with age. Wh. records Theobald's conjecture *friqid*, which, however, he rejects.

**301-2** *that... As*. See Franz' *Shak-Gram.* § 207.

**307** *streames*, sic for *streame*, cf. l. 381 (in l. 461 the plural is required for the metre). It looks almost as though some peculiarity of Jonson's handwriting caused his final *e* to be mistaken for *es*, but I cannot trace any such peculiarity in the MSS. I have examined.

**320** *Dorks*, sic for *Docks*.

**323** This line, and again l. 338, somewhat resemble a passage in Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*:

doest thou not see these fields haue lost  
Their glory, since that time *Silvia* was lost?

I. i. (1623. p. 265, Gros. l. 22)

G. compares with ll. 326-7, Bion (*Id.* I. 75):

βάλλε δ' ἐνὶ στεφάνοισι καὶ ἀνθεσι πάντα σὺν αὐτῷ,  
ὥς τῆνος τέθνακε, κατ' ἀνθεα πάντ' ἐμαρπάνθη.

**328** *me*. (period), sic for *me*, (comma).

**331** *knots*, buds. There is sufficient authority for this meaning, but it may be remarked that the more usual term is *knob*, a variant of *knob*, (cf. G. *knopf* and *knospe*) and this may have influenced the use.

- 346** *scratching*. The form with the short vowel appears to be not uncommon. Coleridge uses it in *Christabel* to rime with *bitch*. It is particularly frequent in the combination *scritch-owl*, as in l. 349.
- 348** *wicker*. I have no doubt that this is the ME. *wicke*, evil, wretched, here used in the sense of baleful. The *-er* would represent the syllabic *-e*, but how Jonson came by the form is not very clear.
- 349** *Karolin*. We should perhaps read the shorter form *Karol*.
- 350** *All I can*, i. e. I will do the best I can.
- 351** s. d. The significance of this direction does not appear.  
G. notices that this song, was set to music by Nicholas Lanier. It was printed in the collection of *Select Musical Airs and Dialogues* published by John Playford in 1652, part II, p. 24. A facsimile will be found at the end of these notes.
- 356** *heart*, sic for *heat*.
- 370** *me I*, sic for *me I* (?)
- 373** side note. *foeces*, sic for *forces*.
- 374** *here, one*, sic for *here one*.
- 381** *Lookes*, sic probably for *Looke*, (cf. l. 307, note) unless by any chance it stands for the old imperative pl. *looketh* by analogy with the change in the third person sing. indic. The transitive use of the verb, though now obsolete or dialectical, is quite correct and recurs in l. 611. It was particularly used in giving references. The construction with *on* was also common.
- 382-3** Heliodorus, author of the *Aethiopica* or *Theagenes and Chariclea*; Achilles Tatius, of the *Erotica* or *Chitipho and Leucippe*; Longus, of *Daphnis and Chloe*; Eustathius, of *Hymene and Hysmenius*; Prodomus, of *Dosicles and Rhodantes*. The first four are prose romances, the last a narrative in verse, all belonging to the late Greek school. The form *Heliodores* is rather puzzling, but since the other names are evidently genitives, and as Jonson has the forms *Heliodore* and *Tatius* together in the *New Inn* III. ii. (1692, p. 735<sup>b</sup>), we may suppose that *Heliodore's* was intended. The fact of the name being better known than the others would account for the use of an Anglicized or Gallized form.
- 385** *wh'have*. Jonson most likely wrote *who'have* (cf. l. 120, note), the omission of the vowel being due to the printer. The contraction intended is more likely to have been *who've* than the northern *wh'ave*, or more correctly *wha've*, since Alken is not elsewhere made to talk dialect.
- 387** *who the story is*, i. e. who is the record.
- 389** *world*, sic for *wold*.
- 394** *Vale ? sic for Vale !*  
*Kar*. This must be wrong since Karolin had followed Aeglamour out after l. 377. Modern editors give the speech reasonably enough to Lionel.
- 396** *sampled*, exemplary, what has been shown by sample, or example, to be good.
- 397** *envi'd*, regarded with envy, i. e. malice.
- 401** What particular blast it was gave Alken this information I do not know. The *mort* was blown at the fall of the deer; it may have been a *strake of nine*, which was sounded to call the company home.  
s. d. G. does not bring Scathlock on till l. 453, which is perhaps a preferable arrangement, though without authority and not strictly necessary.
- 403** The full-moon is no doubt an appropriate time for lovers' meetings, but it looks as though some specific allusion was intended. The waxing of the moon was considered a propitious time for all undertakings, and its virtue would, I imagine, increase till the moment of the full-moon was reached. We might therefore paraphrase: the propitious hour is at its height, and see, sure enough, the lovers have met.
- 408-9** « As for the deintie morsels.... our use.... is to take the caule, the tong, the eares, the doulcets, the tenderlings (if his heade be tender) and the sweete gut, which some call the Inchpinne, in a faire handkercher altogether, for the Prince or chiefe ». *Noble Art of Venerie* (1575, p. 134). The word *inchpin*,

the origin of which is uncertain, is explained in the works on hunting to mean the sweetbread of the deer. This meaning, however, hardly explains the point of the present passage. Robin evidently jests on the word, and is in consequence rebuked by Marian as wanton. Now, whatever the technical meaning of the word may be, it would probably carry a suggestion of its own to a London audience, and Jonson, who knew and cared a great deal more about the mind of that audience than the terms of art, clearly took advantage of the fact. It should be mentioned, moreover, that Stanyhurst writes (*Aeneid* I. ed. Arber, p. 24): « Thee stags vpbreaking they slit to the dulcet or inchepyn ». Here *dulcet* may be a word for sweet-gut or sweetbread, but it is more likely to be a form of *doucet*, since, as anyone who has broken up, or gralloched, a stag knows, the first operation is to slit him from the brisket to the stones. The *doucets*, *dowlcets*, *doucets* or *dowsets*, are the testicles of the stag. The term was said to be still current in Sussex at the end of the eighteenth century (W. MS2); it is also used by Scott, but is with him no doubt archaistic.

- 411-2 The pun is no doubt sufficiently obvious without the italics with which G. distinguished it. Cf. *Wits Recreations* (1640, Epigram 338; Hotten's reprint II. p. 140, Epigram 531):

*On a wanton.*

Some the word wanton fetch, though with smal skil  
From those that want one to effect their will:  
If so, I thinke that wantons there be none,  
For till the world want men, can they want one?

The same play on words occurs in Lodge's *Rosalynde*: « Women are *wantons*, and yet man cannot *want one* » (1590. Sig. B2), and in *Euphues* II: « I should hardly chuse a *wanton*: for... if she alwayes *want one* when she hath me, I had as leefe she should want me too » (Lyly, ed. Bond, II. 62); and a similar one, equally obscured by modern pronunciation, in Heywood's *Royal King*: « The King's favour hath made you a *Baron*, and the King's warres have made me a *bare one*: there's lesse difference in the accent of the word than in the cost of our weeds » (I. i. Pearson vol. VI. p. 17).

- 424 *Stagge? sic for Stagge!* The word apparently already bore the modern generic meaning, at least Jonson does not restrict it to its technical sense (see l. 112. note) either here or in l. 772.

*at force*. « To hunt at force, (*chasse à forcer*, Fr.) is to run the game down with dogs, in opposition to (*chasse à tirer*) shooting it. » G. This is the explanation usually given, but it does not appear to be quite correct. To hunt *at force* is to run the deer down in the open, as opposed to driving him by means of toils into an enclosed park.

- 425 *change*. To hunt *change* is to follow a cross scent, while to hunt *counter* is to follow the scent in the wrong direction.

- 426 *sure*. Some copies of F. read *suse*.

- 429 *Sca*. This is ambiguous, since the letters might stand for *Scathlock* or *Scarlet* equally. G., who delayed Scathlock's entry till l. 453. (see 401, s. v.) printed *Scar*. Scathlock is referred to in F. as *Sca*. in ll. 466 and 468 (*Scat*. in ll. 458 and 463), and unless we give the present speech to Scarlet, that character is mute in this scene, in spite of being mentioned in the list of characters at l. 401. Since, however, Scarlet would naturally accompany Marian, and consequently be in any case mentioned, and since Scathlock is much the more important character of the two, we shall probably do well to allot the speech to him, unless indeed we adopt G.'s arrangement of the entries.

- 430 *Five houres and more*. It will be noticed that the stage has never been empty since Marian left it for the chase exactly 279 lines before she re-entered with the spoil. This is indeed *ideal* time.

- 434 *marhe? sic for marhe!*

**439** To take the *assay* or *say* means literally to ascertain by means of an incision how fat the deer is. It was, however, a mere ceremony, performed by the *best person* in the field. « Our order is, that the Prince or chief (if so please them) doe alight and take assaye of the Deare with a sharpe knyfe, the which is done in this maner. The deare being layd vpon his backe, the Prince, chiefe, or such as they shall appoint, comes to it : And the chiefe huntsman (kneeling, if it be to a Prince) doth hold the Deare by the forefoote whiles the Prince or chief, cut a slyt drawn amongst the brysket of the deare, somewhat lower than the brysket towards the belly. This is done to see the goodnesse of the flesh, and howe thicke it is. » *Noble Art of Venery* (1575, p. 132). This account has been somewhat misunderstood. Both Wh. and G. speak of the knife as being drawn *down* the belly. This is incorrect. The knife was drawn *across*, just below, i. e. on the belly side of, the brisket. The idea of this being done to discover the fatness of the deer was, I fancy, more or less of a myth, since it would most likely be only the outer skin that was cut. This cross-cut is necessary in order to allow of the insertion of the first two fingers of the left hand, between which is placed the blade of the knife, and the belly thus ripped up. Those who have made the experiment will realize that the author's (probably Tuberville's) insistence on the sharpness of the knife is no mere rhetoric. The operation also requires some skill, since if the knife penetrates too deeply, the results are apt to be unpleasant. The person to whom it fell to take the assay further had the *honour* of giving the chief huntsman his fee, which would appear to have been ten shillings. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher : « I never loved his beyond-sea-ship since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings ». *Philaster* (IV. ii. 10).

**440** *'hem*. I do not think it is necessary to adopt G.'s alteration *one*. There is considerable diversity of usage in the pronoun following the indefinite *one*. The singular of the masculine pronoun is, of course, common, but here Jonson seems to have resorted to the indefinite use of the plural, still found colloquially where the gender is doubtful. For instance, one might paraphrase the present passage : You pretend you want to hear what a person has to say, and all the time you won't let them speak. Cf. l. 977. note.

*when the Arbors made*. The fact that Jonson's editors have preserved the spelling *arbor* shows that they have not rightly understood the word, which should be *arber* or *erber*. The *arber* is primarily the windpipe or gullet. In disembowelling, after the skin has been slit open, the hand is inserted into the inside and the gullet pulled out. The paunch (stomach), lights (lungs), and guts (intestines), are then duly removed. To *make the arber* was to take the arber out, and no doubt came to be applied to the whole process of cleaning. Thus, when Marian says *when the Arbors made*, Robin distinguishes the various operations, the *arber* namely was *Puld downe* (i. e. away from the throat and towards the belly), and the *paunch* removed.

**441** *undoes*. There is, in the art of hunting, a proper term for the skinning and cutting up of each several beast. Thus you *undo* or *break (up)* a hart, *unlace* a boar, *case* or *uncase* a fox, etc.

**444** *the Ravens-bone*, or *corbin-bone*, is, as Jonson explains, a piece of gristle attached to the breast-bone of the deer, which was regarded as the perquisite of such birds of prey as had followed the chase. In the elaborate directions of *How ye shall breke an Hart* given in the *Book of St Albans*, we read :

Then take out the shoulders, and slitteth anon  
The bely to the side, from the corbyn bone,  
That is corbins fee, at the death he will be.

Jonson evidently followed Tuberville, who writes : « There is a litle gristle which is upon the spoone of the brysket, which we cal the Rauens bone ; bycause it is cast vp to the Crowes or Rauens whiche attende hunters. And I haue seen in some places, a Rauen so wont and accustomed to it, that she



would neuer fayle to croake and crye for it, all the while you were in breaking vp of the Deare, and would not depart vntill she had it ». *Noble Art of Venery* (1575 p. 135). In Iohn Lacy's *Wyl Buche his Testament*, printed by W. Copland (n. d.), every particular part of the deer is apportioned to its proper use. The raven's morsel is duly mentioned, and there follows the line :

My tuell to the crowe, which beauté is warne,

of the meaning of which I must confess that I have not the least idea.

457 G. added the necessary direction : *Exeunt Mar. Mel. and Amie.*

460 you ? sic for you !

467 *Quarrie*. The meanings of this word, from OFr. *cuirée*, skin, appear to be : (i) certain parts of the deer thrown to the hounds, (ii) the heap of deer killed at a hunting, (iii) the game pursued. In the Argument to Act I. Jonson has (l. 22) *at the Quarry or Fall of the Deere*, which would not appear to be an altogether correct use. He was probably thinking of the phrase *to blow the quarry*, that is to collect the hounds by a blast of the horn when the deer is breaking up in order to give them their quarry. This however would of course be sounded after the *mort* or fall of the deer. Confusion in the use of the terms appears, indeed, to have been pretty general. For instance Lacy, in the above mentioned poem (cf. l. 444), puts into the mouth of the dying hart the words « I here them blowe the quarry », meaning the *mort*, a passage which might be quoted in support of Jonson's use. I should mention that C.'s explanation of the word as meaning the square or enclosure into which the game was driven, is entirely wrong. He appears to have been endeavouring to reconcile the meaning of the word as a term of art with a slate-quarry !

468 *Chimley*, this dialectical variant of *chimney* is still common in Lancashire and Westmoreland. (Wright's *Dial. Dic.*)

*nuiik* is of course *nook*, corner.

s. D. *Marian*, i.e. Maudlin in Marian's shape.

469 *Hunt*, huntsman ; ME. *hunte*, OE. *hunta* ; *hunter* being a modern formation from the verb.

475 *Muttons* for sheep occurs not infrequently in Elizabethan writers, though it appears in the majority of cases to contain some allusion to the *laced* variety.

479 *turne*, return, render.

488 *feare*, doubt, distrust. This use, which does not appear to have ever been very common, is now obsolete.

489 *watch*, governed apparently by *you* ; strict grammar would require the third person singular.

492 *cheese-cakes* were in Jonson's time really filled with cheese. This has now been replaced by a sort of lemon custard.

*clawted*, clotted ; *clouted* is still common in Devonshire and Cornwall.

498 *fooles*. That these were not, as G. maintained, the same as our *gooseberry fool*, is apparent from the extracts given in *N.E.D.*, e.g. « a kinde of clouted creame called a foole or trifle in English » (Florio, 1598) ; « Foole is a kind of custard, but more crudelly [curdly] ; being made of Cream, Yolks of Eggs, Cinamon, Mace boiled : and served on Sippets with sliced Dates, Suggar, and white and red Comfits, strawed thereon » (R. Holme, 1688). Hence it also appears that the derivation from the Fr. *fouler* is unfounded ; the origin of the word is not known.

*flawnes*. A *flawn* was a sort of custard-cake, also a pancake.

In order to complete the metre of this line, G. read *and [swill] of ale a stream*, which certainly makes both sense and verse run easier, but *flawnes* might easily do service as a dissyllable and *stream* depend loosely on *fall to*.

495 *sillabubs* originally consisted of milk directly milked into some alcoholic drink. It is now usually a mixture of lemon, some wine or spirit, and whipped cream.

496 *Fleece*. C.'s conjecture, *flock*, seems to be unnecessary, since the word is used

for a sheep, or collectively for sheep. Thus *N.E.D.* : « And all the tribe of fleeces follow » (Wolcott, 1798); « Fyve hundirth fleis now in a flock » (Pinkerton's *Scottish Ballads*, 1800).

- 498 *goe whistle*, i.e. amuse yourself by whistling for lack of better fare. The phrase would appear to be different from *to whistle for* something, i. e. to cry what one cannot have.

#### ARGUMENT.

- 519 *guifts*. This spelling appears to have been intentionally adopted by Jonson to show that the *g* is hard; cf. l. 807, also l. 800 note.

- 524 *sheep'ardess*, i. e. shepherdess.

- 529 *Scatchlock*, sic for *Scathlock*.

- 530 *farder*. *G.* altered this to *farther*, but the form *farder* was current from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century.

- 532 *like her selfe*, i.e. in her own form.

- 537 *meane*, means.

#### ACT II.

Scenes I-III of F. form sc. I in *G.*, where the heading runs : *The Forest as before. The Witches Dimble, cottage, oak, well, &c. Enter Maudlin in her proper shape, and Douce in the dress of Earine.*

- 545 *' the close*, in the end.

- 551 *syke*, such; this form with the long vowel appears to belong particularly to Yorkshire.

*dislikes*, particular aversions; the plural use is not very common.

- 552 *all-bee'*. The apostrophe is needed, since the full phrase is *all be it*.

- 553 *vauting*, vaulting; cf. l. 128 note.

*venting*, as a term of art this would mean snuffing the air, but Jonson probably had another sense in his mind.

- 554 *neis*, nose, scent; cf. l. 587, *na'se*.

- 555 *distate*, sic for *distaste*. There is indeed a word *dis-stale*, but it gives no meaning in the present passage. We have already had the intransitive use of the word, in the sense of offend, in l. 67; used transitively, as here, it means to cause dislike in a person.

- 559-60 I may point out a resemblance between these lines and a couplet in Phineas Fletcher's *Sicelides* (1615, printed 1631, l. iii. sig. B 3<sup>v</sup>) :

So like Glaucillas selfe that had shee spide him,

More would shee doubt her selfe, the more shee eyd him.

In either case the words spring quite naturally from the situation, and there is not the least reason to suppose any borrowing.

- 562 *out-dresse*, outward apparel.

- 564 etc. The construction in these lines is very confused. Jonson evidently intended to write « shall make you, on meeting Aeglamour, appear like Earine », but he went on with a different construction from that he had begun with. There is also a difficulty in the construction of *as*. It would of course be possible to take *make yee* absolutely, in the sense of make your fortune, in which case the whole would be perfectly grammatical, but I do not think Jonson intended it so.

- 566 *too slipperie to be look'd upon*. The whole expression is a remembrance of Horace's *vultus nimium lubricus adspici* (l. xix. 8), translated by Prior, « A face too slippery to behold » (W. MS1). Horace was probably using the word in the sense of dangerous. Jonson's meaning is more complex; possibly *elusive* would be the closest rendering. He seems to mean that Douce's appearance would so surprise the beholders that they would be incapable of perceiving that she was not really Earine. W. glosses *slipperie* as bright, shining, but I do not think that is the meaning.

- 570 *stock'd*, i.e. confined in a stock, or trunk of a tree.

- 572 *lotted*, allotted.

- 573** *reclaim'd*, tamed; the technical term applied to a hawk when it has been trained or manned.
- 577** *command*, coming; the old form of the pres. part. surviving in dialectical use.
- 578** In the middle of this line G. inserts the direction: *They stand aside. Enter Lorel gaily dressed, and releases Earine from the oak*. Since the oak was on the stage, it is evident that Lorel must enter here, though his appearance is of course only mentioned in F. when he begins to speak.
- 580** *ray*, array, apparel.
- 581** G. prints: *Lor. [leading Earine forward]*. « I must not omit observing that the whole [of this speech] is sketch'd out from the song of Polyphemus to his mistress Galatea, in Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, lib. 13. » Wh. « Jonson has borrowed many traits of his Lorel from the Polyphemus of Theocritus.... What resemblance Whalley could find in it to Ovid, I am at a loss to discover. » G. (who quotes several specific parallels). Jonson undoubtedly followed Theocritus (*Idyl xi*) directly, but the speech in Ovid is from the same source. Jonson may also have had in mind a passage, probably derived from the same original, in Drayton's *Polyolbion* (xxi. 61. etc.) in which the giant Gogmagog wooes the coy nymph Granta.
- 582** *Deft*. This use of this word, in the sense of neat or trim, became literary for a while in the first half of the seventeenth century, and is still common in dialect. (*N.E.D.*) In l. 1161. the word apparently has its usual meaning of skilful.
- 587** *camus'd*, broad and flat. The word is formed from the obsolete adj. *camus* or *camois*, flat-nosed.
- 590** *Incubus*. Literally an incubus was a spirit of the air supposed to have connection with women in their sleep. Thus Sir A. Cokain: « Generated he [Merlin] was by the inhuman conjunction of an incubus »; *Obstinate Lady*, II. i. and Lecky: « The devils who appeared in female form were generally called *succubi*, those who appeared like men *incubi*, though this distinction was not always preserved ». In the present passage the word is used as equivalent to goblin.
- Changlin*, changeling. A term signifying one who has been *changed* by fairies as a child, usually applied to a person mentally deficient; cf. l. 977.
- 597** *Mercatts*. This old northern form of *market* still survives in the name *Merhat Cross* applied to the town-cross of Edinburgh.
- 599** *by live*. The more usual form *belive*, in the sense of quickly, immediately, punctually, is still current in the northern dialect. The form used in F. is quite correct, being ME. *bi* (by) and *live* (dat. of *lif*, life).
- 600-3** W. pointed out that these lines are imitated almost verbally from Spenser:
- A goodly Oake . . . . .  
Whilome had bene the King of the field,  
And mochell mast to the husband did yelde,  
And with his nuts larded many swine. (*Shep. Cal.* II. 103.)
- 601** *Beech*. G. inadvertantly printed *breech*.
- 604** *fend*, defend, shield.
- 605** *kerved*, carved; cf. l. 134.
- 608** *doth*. The form is probably due to the intervening singular *each*, since the pl. form *doth* appears to have been obsolete since the end of the fourteenth century. *N.E.D.* See however Franz, *Shak.-Gram.* § 20.
- 617** s. d. *other presents*. W. objected that no presents had as yet been produced, but *other* no doubt means, as in the text, different from the things he has been speaking of.
- 619** *Bawsons Cub*. A badger's cub and consequently the same as *the young Grice* (cub) of a *Gray* (badger). G. reads *bawson*, with the remark that the adjective means plump or sleek, a sense for which there seems no authority, the word always signifying fat in an opprobrious sense. (Wright, *Dial. Dic.*) Besides, the reading of F. is not *bawson* but *Bawsons*.
- 620** *Urshins*, urchins, hedgehogs.

- 622 *Mrs.* for *mistress*; the word was commonly so abbreviated.  
*the feind, and thee.* There certainly appears to be something wrong with the text here. The reading of F. gives a certain sense (viz. you are much of a muchness), but not such as is required by Lorel's remark *shee wish'd mee at the feind* (l. 627). G.'s emendation, however, *the feind on thee* is hardly satisfactory. *Murrain on thee* or *Out upon thee* (cf. l. 621) is common enough, but what authority or meaning is to be found for *the feind on thee*?
- 623 *Gar.* Why Earine is made to speak in dialect it would be hard to say, but in any case there is no reason to adopt G.'s emendation *Gae. Gar* is a very common Scotch word, meaning to cause something to be done, and is followed by the infinitive in the same manner as the similar use of *let* in the construction familiar to readers of Malory. I may mention that both here and in the preceding line the emendation is originally due to W.  
*fewmand.* This word belongs, according to *N.E.D.*, to Jonson's imaginary Sherwood dialect, and is explained as meaning to foul or soil. It may however be the pres. part. of the verb *fume*, in the sense of to cause to smell though it is usually only used of perfume. Jonson elsewhere (e. g. *wishend* in l. 629.) uses the pres. part. as if it were the pres. tense, or else understands the auxiliary.
- 624 *limmer*, knavish, base; a common word, both as adj. and subs. (l. 629.), but of uncertain origin.
- 626 *I lock me up*, i.e. Ay, lock me up.
- 629 *wishend*, cf. l. 623, *fewmand*, note.  
*dritty*, dirty; ME. *drit*, dirt.
- 630 *duills*, grieves. OFr. *doleir*, whence Eng. *dole*. The great variety of forms found in old and later French is reflected in the English variants. Here, however, *duills* is probably intended as a northern form of *dules*, rather than as rendering the Fr. *duil*, *ducil*, *deuil*. This appears to be the only recorded instance of the impersonal construction.
- 634 *Madge-Owle*, barn-owl.
- 635 *Owl-spiegle*. Till Eulenspiegel, the hero of the famous German picaresque romance, was a favourite character with English writers. Cf. *Ulen Spiegel* in Jonson's *Alchemist*, II. iii (1616, p. 623). The forms *Howle-glass*, *Holyglass* and *Holliglass* are also found (*Nares*).
- 643 *twire*, peep, look surreptitiously or askance. It is also said of stars, to twinkle.
- 644 *Hee's gett*, he shall get, i.e. let him get; so l. 647, *I's*, for *I's*, I shall. These dialectical forms are peculiarly northern. Cf. Franz, *Shak. Gram.* § 206.
- 646 *Gelden*, gelding; either for *geldin'* or intended as a past part. from *geld*.
- 647 *turnes*, business, « an act of industry ». (Wright, *Dial. Dic.*)
- 649 *Talleur*, tailor; the form is influenced by the Fr. *tailleur*. We still find *taillyer* dialectically.  
*Sowter*, cobbler; still the common word in Scotland.
- 654 *bandly*, boldly. In the northern dialect *au* and *al* are indistinguishable; cf. l. 128, note. *N.E.D.* gives the form *bowde* for *bold* as current in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.
- 655 *fugeand*. This is another of Jonson's coinings. *N.E.D.* regards it as possibly an alteration of *figent* (fidgety, restless), but it might also be a pres. part. from the verb *fuge* too flee, a classicism from L. *fugeo* (cf. Gascoigne, *Supposes*, III. ii. 2), in the sense of fleeing.
- 665 *Gypsan*, the early form of *gipsy*, aphetic for *Egyptian*.
- 669 *gaing-night*. It would seem from the metre that *gang-night* is all that is meant, though the spelling rather suggests *gaaing*, going. The meaning is of course the same in either case, a night, namely, on which a spirit walks.
- 670 *Withall the bark and*, sic for *With all the barkand*. The connection of Hecate with the *barkand parish tykes* is, as Wh. pointed out, due to a passage in Theocritus (Id. II.) : « Hecate, before whom the curs tremble as she passes through the graves of the dead and the black blood ». This, however, has no resemblance with Jonson's lines.



- 777** *Bedes-woman*. A *bedsman* is a pensioner who gives his prayers in return for alms received. The word was also sometimes politely used as equivalent to « your humble servant » or the like.
- 778** *owe*. The sense seems to be either to make acknowledgement of, or to make return for, but the use is uncommon.
- 780** *giddie*, apparently, grow giddy. The verb is not uncommon, though the only recorded instances are transitive. Jonson, however, may have intended *giddie* to depend on *goe*.
- toy*. Altered by G. to *joy*. There seems, however, no need for the change, since *toy* was a word of very wide application, while *joy* can hardly be said to give much sense.
- good turne*. There would appear to be an elementary play upon words here.
- 781** etc. There is at best but very little meaning in these lines, and nothing would be gained by endeavouring to bring them into accordance with a grammar and logic to which the author was obviously indifferent.
- 788** *growne*, ground; a possible though rather unusual form. It would, of course, be possible to read *ground*, and in the earlier half of the line the usual form *sound* or *swound*.
- 789** *Mau*. G. inserted the direction *rising*.
- 792** *wildings*. From Holland's *Pliny* it appears that these were the same as *crab-apples*: « As for Wildings and Crabs, little they be all the sort of them, in comparason: their tast is well enough liked, and they carie with them a quicke and sharp smell: howbeit this gift they have for their harsh sournesse, that they have many a foule word and curse given them, and that they are able to dull the edge of any knife that shall cut them ». And elsewhere: « There is a kind of Crab tree also or Wilding, that in like manner beareth twice a yeere ». (Bk. xv. chap. 14 and Bk. xvi. chap. 27; ed. 1601 pp. 438-9 and 474-5.)
- 792** *Maudlin*. According to C. the reading of F. is *Maud*. The reading of all the copies of F. I have seen is *Maudlin*, but the letters *lin* have dropped, and may have fallen out altogether in some copies (cf., however, l. 202, note). W. would also read *Maud*, but for a different reason, namely that *Maud* would rime with *scald* (pronounced *scaud*) in the previous line. This however is quite unnecessary, since the rimes are throughout irregular.
- 800** *ghests*, guests. Either a *u* or an *h* will serve to indicate that the *g* is hard, the one being a French, the other an Italian convention. Cf. the form *Ghirland* (l. 1074), and see Jonson's own remarks in his *English Grammar* (1640, p. 44).
- 804** *departit*, parted, shared.
- 817** *big*, strong; apparently the original meaning of the word. To *look big* means specifically to swagger, threaten, bully.
- Karle*, a variant of *churl*.
- 820** *imparted*, given, distributed.
- 821** The emendation *And* for *As*, silently introduced by G. in pursuance of a suggestion of W.'s, is quite unnecessary. The meaning is, « as much good may it do them as (it is true that) you have imparted it to your neighbours ».
- 826** *Devills Pater noster*, an evil spell; strictly the *Paternoster* said backwards. *Devills Mattens*, in l. 832, has the same sense, being originally some similar perversion of the ecclesiastical service.
- 828** *Swilland*, swilling; the pres. part. of the verb *swill*, meaning to drink, rinse, souse, but here practically equivalent to watery.
- 830** *Mort-mal*, sore, gangrene, rodent ulcer. Jonson has *mormall o' the shin* again in the masque of *Mercury Vindicated* (1616, p. 1006). In both passages he no doubt had Chaucer's lines about the cook in mind (*Cant. Tales*. Prol. 385):  
But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me,  
That on his shine a mormal hadde he.
- The *malum mortuum* was, I imagine, so called from the decay of the *dead*

flesh. Jonson appears in this passage to have rather the idea of an old sore or scar in his mind.

881 *withouten blin*, without cessation.

882 *Pain*, pain; this extraordinary Latinism seems very out of place in a dialectical speech.

S. *Antons fire*. St Anthony's fire is erysipelas « so called from the tradition that those who sought the intercession of St Anthony recovered from the pestilential erysipelas called the *sacred fire*, which proved extremely fatal in 1089 » (Brewer's *Phrase and Fable*).

888 G. inserted the direction *starting*. It is evident from Lionel's remark that this speech of Amie's at least is uttered in her sleep. Later on we must suppose her to be awake, but it is difficult to point to the exact moment at which she is supposed to pass from one state to the other.

849 *Karol*. This is an instance of a very common error in the printing of old plays, which arose out of the habit of printing all proper names in italics. The name is, of course, part of Amie's speech, which should be printed :

*Karol* he singeth sweetly too !

The next step would be to abbreviate and indent the name, which would then be indistinguishable from that of a speaker.

852-3 A translation from Sappho (Frag. 39) :

ἦρος ἄγγελος ἡμερόφωνος ἀήδων.

Jonson uses *angel* in its original sense of messenger or harbinger.

853 *Man*. G. remarked : « The speeches given to Maudlin in this part of the dialogue, do not seem to belong to her. There is indeed a spirit of contradiction in them; but of far too gentle a nature for the witch. I believe that they should be set down to Marian's account ». He had forgotten that, according to the Argument, the witch *mocks poore Amie* (l. 536).

858 *see*. C. wanted to read *set*. He was no doubt influenced by the unfamiliarity of the construction *see... to fight*, but this is not unusual, cf. Franz, *Shak. Gram.* § 494.

861 (*I*, *sic* for *I*. It is not easy to see how to take this sentence. If we interpret the first half of the line as equivalent to *But this morning*, in the sense of this morning only, no later than this morning, there is no reason for the dash after *but*; if, on the other hand, we follow the editors in keeping the dash, what meaning can be assigned to *but*? In any case the unclosed parenthesis in this line appears to be superfluous.

863 *seelie*. Jonson keeps the older long vowel; and perhaps somewhat of the older meaning of *happy* is to be found, besides that of *simple* which the word bore at the time.

865-6 « Shall we suppose old Ben condescended to imitate the boy, Cowley; who, in his Pastoral called Love's Riddle, written when he was at Westminster School [printed 1638], has these lines.

His kiss was honey too,  
His lips as red and sweet as early cherries,  
Softer than Bevers skin ». — W.

There hardly appears to be much resemblance between the passages.

868 *Bees*. This might, of course, so far as the form is concerned, stand for *bee's*, *bees*, or *bees'*. The editors have read *bees*, which is very awkward. The gen. sing. is almost certainly meant, though the word to be supplied is vague, probably *mouth*. That the bee does not sting with its mouth is no serious objection.

891 *really*, a trisyllable, as was usual at the time, and long remained the standard form in poetry.

897 *pennance*. Robin is either using the word jestingly for his kiss, or else in the sense of repentance, or public acknowledgment of a fault.

901 *points*, laces used to fasten any part of the dress.

- 903 *Spondylls*, vertebræ.
- 914 *prick*, the technical term for tracing the footing of a hare.
- 915 *Creature*, trisyllabic. It is habitually dissyllabic in Shakespeare. The description is of course suggested, as Wh. pointed out, by the comparison with a hare, popularly held to be a melancholy animal from its sitting in its forme alone.
- 916 *fourme*, forme, the lair of a hare.
- 917 *releife*. A hare is said to be *at relief* when feeding. The word is accented on the first syllable, cf. l. 947, and Fanshawe's *Pastor Fido* (I. v. 1647 p. 42.):  
Here she comes forth to Rellief ev'ry night.
- 927 i. e. in what direction she makes her lair.
- 928 *Geo*. In point of fact George was not on the stage when Alken made the speech referred to. It is probably an oversight of Jonson's, who may however have intended to place the marginal direction to l. 918, a few lines earlier.
- 929 *A Witch is a kind of Hare*. It was a common superstition that witches were in the habit of taking the form of hares, hence it is still considered unlucky for a hare to cross one's path.
- 939 *brakes*, thickets. It was no doubt the alliteration which made *brakes and briars* a common pair.
- 945 *kells*, literally a thin skin or membrane (connected with *caul*); of the caterpillar, the chrysalis; of the silkworm, the cocoon.
- 947 *releif*. I take this to be a substantive, not a verb. Cf. l. 917.
- 949 For possible allusions, see Introduction.
- 954-5 *a weed To open locks with*. « The hearbes called *Aethiopides* will open all locks (if all be true that inchanters saie). » R. Scot, *Discovery of Witchcraft* (1584 p. 246). Cf. Pliny (*Nat. His.* V. xxvi, ch. 9): « *Aethiopide herba amnes ac stagna siccari coniectu, tactu clausa omnia aperiri* ».
- 956 *feat*, performance, execution.
- 963 *Collects*, collections or stores of knowledge.
- 965 *turnes*. Probably in the sense of *doubles*, but it may be used in the wider sense of *shifts*.
- 969 *Martagan*, the Turk's-cap lily.
- 971 *fire-drakes*, fiery dragons, but the term was commonly used for the will-o'-the-wisp.
- 973 *Flitter-mice*, bats. The word does not appear to be native, but a literary imitation of the German *fledermaus*.
- 977 *Changeling*. Strictly speaking the *changeling* was the being left by the fairies in the place of the human child they carried away. Here however it appears to be applied to the stolen child.  
*their*. Note the use of the indefinite possessive *their* following the singular *each*, and cf. l. 440, note.
- 981 The implication appears to be that the phosphorescence of decayed wood is due to the glow-worm having crept over it.
- 984 *Sigilla*, (in apposition to *Puppetts*) the plural of the diminutive of *signum*, used for small images such as the Romans gave one another at the feast of the Sigilaria, viz. the last days of the Saturnalia. Here used for the waxen images which played so important a rôle in black magic.
- 987 *skutt*, the tail of a hare or rabbit.
- 989 *Law*, the start allowed the game before beginning the pursuit.
- 994 *blast*, apparently in the sense of branch or department of woodcraft. *N.E.D.* does not appear to recognize the use, but it would arise not unnaturally from the various blasts of the horn appropriate to various moments of the chase. Wh. « suspected » *beast*.
- 996 *heir heyre*, her heir. I cannot imagine what peculiarity of sense or pronunciation Jonson can have intended by this strange spelling.
- 997 The line is not perhaps altogether satisfactory as it stands, but I do not think that either G.'s emendation of *should*, or W.'s of *do*, for *could* is necessary.



998 *I am*. This is a misprint; F. has *I'am* correctly.

G. adds the direction *Exeunt*. Sc. II of this act in G. comprises scs. IV-VIII in F.

#### ARGUMENT.

000 *disc overs*, sic for *discovers*.

1015 *run out*, see l. 1171 S. D., note.

1018 *daughter*. In the text it is her familiar, Puck-Hairy, whom she calls to her assistance. Consequently W. changed *daughter* into *goblin*.

1019-21 *The Shepherds... Karol, &c.* There is nothing corresponding to this in the text though the subsequent entry of Lorel appears.

1021 *enters Lorel*. At this point the text breaks off.

1041 *tract*, track; this variant form also appears as a verb.

*prick*, see l. 914. Its use here may be affected by the sense to hasten, spur on, properly only used of riding.

1042 *Forme*, see l. 916.

*Enter*, i. e. the huntsmen enter (*not* Enter Alken).

#### ACT III.

1048 S. D. G. has : *Scene I. The Forest*.

1052 *turnes*, here the word appears to have the meaning either of actions (cf. ll. 647 and 1205), or else of chances, turns of fortune (cf. l. 965).

1053 *Maud*. F. apparently prints a period after the name, as being a contraction, though only the shortened form is pronounced (cf. l. 1077). This I believe to be now unusual, though the *Athenaeum* (Nov. 19, 1904, p. 701) in an obituary of the late Mr. Valentine Prinsep, prints « Val. Prinsep » throughout.

1059 I fancy that I was wrong in printing a period at the end of this line, and that it is really an italic colon (:).

1062 *firke it*. To *firk*, a word of very loose application and uncertain origin, when used intransitively or, as here, with *it* means to move about briskly, to dance, to frisk, etc. (N.E.D.)

1066 S. D. G. has : *Scene II. Another Part of the Same*. Sc. II. of G. comprises scs. II-V of F.

1074 *Ghirland*. An old form of *garland*; the *h* is due to Italian influence, as the form with *u* to French.

1076 I cannot suppose Karolin to apply these words seriously to Maudlin, even when speaking to her daughter. It is, I take it, an inversion for *good wise-woman*.

1087 *Majesties*. This may of course stand either for *majesties* or *majesty's*. G. read the former; C. preferred the latter, I think rightly.

1106 *speece*, kind, variety.

1109 *tent*, heed, cf. l. 676, note.

1112 *last*. There seems to be no choice but to accept G.'s emendation *lost*; unless we are prepared to alter *never* into *ever* in the next line.

1115 *stroke*. The editors read *strokes*; corrected by C.

1117 *haggard*, or *unmann'd*, wild or untamed; the proper technical terms of falconry.

1118-9 i. e. instead of flying properly at the game, he strikes at any foolish trifle that happens in his way, and flies off with it instead of coming back to the lure.

1134 'i, sic for i'.

*thorough*. The dissyllabic form is here, as often in earlier English, used for *through*.

1135 *in-parts*, inward parts; a rare use, of which there are however other examples.

1143 *divisions*. The meaning of the word here is melodies, but it is more usually met with in the singular with the meaning of music. The verb *divide* was used by Spenser in the sense of sound, or descant (*Faery Queen*, l. v. 17), but originally to *divide* seems to have meant to divide long notes up into shorter ones, and hence a *division* was a lively, florid air. (N.E.D.)

- 1144 *bring'him*. This is a misprint; F. has *bring him* without an apostrophe.
- 1152 *Simples*, herbs used in medicine or magic.
- 1157 *fear'd her*, feared for her. The transitive use of *fear* has commonly one of three meanings: (i) to inspire fear in, (ii) to be apprehensive about, to fear for, (iii) to be inspired with fear of. The last sense only is now current. Cf. however, l. 483, note.
- 1161 *Hath*. For the use of the singular verb with a composite subject see Franz, *Shak. Gram.* § 513.
- 1171 S. D. *would run out... runs in with her*. There is a slight confusion of terminology here. To quit the stage is to go *off* or *out* from the point of view of the spectators, but *in* form that of the actors.
- 1176 *gripe*. The OE. *gripan* gave the verb *gripe*, whence the subs. here used; while from the past part. *gripen* was formed the subs. *grip*, by analogy with which the short-voweled form of the verb now in use arose. (Skeat.)
- 1177 *Copy*. The meaning of the word would here seem to be charm or spell, but the use does not seem to be recognized by any dictionary. Possibly the word is used loosely as applying to Maudlin (not the girdle) as the *imitation* of Marian which had deceived them.
- 1179 *upon the start*. I can only suppose this to mean, when they have started or roused the game; but the explanation is unsatisfactory.
- 1190 *They 'are*. It is certainly tempting to substitute, with W., the more natural expression *There 'are*, which, being contracted, would be pronounced the same. The reading of F. gives however perfectly good sense.
- 1196 *Saile in an egg shell*. This was, of course, a common practice of witches.
- 1199 *rock's*. This is, of course, a plural, not a contraction. Although the form with the apostrophe was unusual, there is, apart from modern convention, just as much reason for marking the omission of the *e* in the plural as in the genitive singular. Cf. e. g. Folio 1616, p. 378: The youth's are.... hote, violent. There appears, however, to have been a stronger tendency to preserve the *e* or to mark its omission after another vowel than in other cases; e. g. we habitually find such forms as *Pandoraes*, preferred to *Pandoras*.
- 1203 *gaang*. This is hardly a possible form in any known dialect. It is apparently a compromise between *gaing* and *gaand*, as pres. part. of *go*, but may be influenced by the distinct word *gang*.

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## ADDENDUM.

- 355-6 Alluding to Donne's lines in *The Paradox* (printed 1633; ed. Chambers I. 74):  
 Love with excess of heat, more young than old,  
 Death kills with too much cold.
-

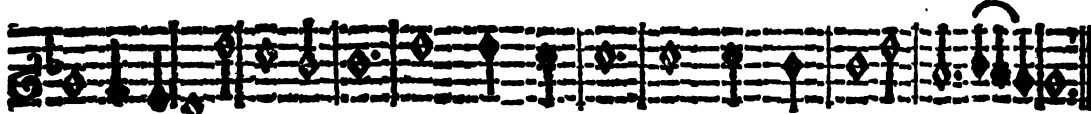


A. 3. Mr.

Bass.



Hough I am yong & cannot tell, either what love or death is well,



& then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, & death with cold.



Yet I have heard they both beare darts,  
And both doe aime at humane hearts;  
So that I feare they doe but bring  
Extreames to touch, and meane one thing.

& then againe I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold.



Hough I am yong, & cannot tell, either what love or death is well,



Cantus Secundus.

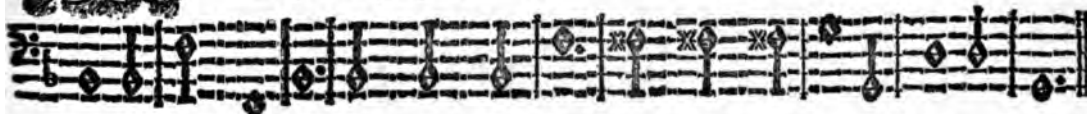
A. 3. Mr.

A. 3. Mr.

Bass.



Hough I am yong & cannot tell, either what love or death is well, & then a



-gaine I have been told, love wounds with heate, love wounds with heat, and death with cold.

Mr. Nicholas Lammere,



## GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

*In the following Index are included a number of words and forms, chiefly dialectical, references to which may be found of use, though they are not in themselves of sufficient importance to find a place in the notes. References to such words and forms are distinguished by being placed in brackets.*

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